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Established 1928

The Anchor



See the
Travel Supplement
beginning on
Page Five

'FREE ACCESS TO IDEAS AND FULL FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION'

Volume LXV, Number 27

Rhode Island College

Thursday, May 31, 1973

Parliament Amends Budget Policy

Near the end of its 1972-73 session, the RIC Student Parliament passed a variety of interesting items. At a meeting held on May 23rd, the Student Parliament altered or reversed several of its budget decisions made the previous week and reported in the *Anchor* of May 24th.

The first item changed was the *Anchor's* budget. This item, set at \$15,080.50 after last week's meeting, was CUT by \$1812.50 to \$13,268.00. The cut was made when it was learned that the *Anchor's* anticipated surplus from 72-73 would be much higher than estimated at the previous meeting. The money cut from the *Anchor* budget was allocated among several areas. The Cooperative Playgroup received \$800.00. The Gold Key Society received an additional \$300.00; the Pell-Tiernan Internship Program received \$430.00 and the remainder reverted to the General Fund.

The second major shift by the Student Parliament was over the issue of consolidation of student activities. During the meeting reported last week, the Student Parliament expressed a sentiment to have all campus organizations join together by function and administer their activities, as much as possible, on a joint basis. Several organizations objected to this recommendation, and Harambee, the black students' organization, was most bitter over this resolution. The issue was allocating funds to one organization that were to be controlled by another organization. Harambee's contention was that money that is to be controlled by one organization should be given to that organization, rather than

have one organization be required to beg to another group for funds. They expressed a willingness to test this feeling in court.

Parliament transferred nearly \$8,000 of black programming money to Harambee from other areas of programming thus cutting off any possible legal action. Art Joyner of Harambee noted that this was what he argued for at the original meeting and that all plans for a suit were being dropped. However, Parliament has retained some aspects of the consolidation plan. They have stipulated that all programming groups must meet to form a master schedule to avoid having conflicting events. Next fall, these groups will meet to discuss mutual problems.

Elections Invalidated

In other activity during that meeting, the Student Parliament voted to invalidate the elections of the Class of 1974 for the second year in a row. Mr. Robert Misenor of the Election Committee noted several discrepancies from usual (and legal) election procedure and urged the dismissal. Among the errors: I.D.'s were not checked; several persons who were listed as having voted, did not; incumbents names were indicated as such, in violation of election rules; it was noted on the crudely lettered ballot, "write-in votes are not allowed," in violation of election rules; members of the class of '75, 4th semester, were allowed to vote, but a member of the class of '75, 4th semester, was not allowed to run, and, finally, the posts of secretary and treasurer were not listed on the ballot when these posts were up for determination. Paradoxically, the members of Parliament unanimously voted to allow the present officers of the Class of '74 to remain in office until new elections are held in the fall.

Parliament Election Fraud Hinted

In an Executive Session, Parliament chose its officers for 73-74 on May 23rd. Ken Haupt was elected President on the second ballot by a vote of 10 to 7, with one abstention. Paul DeBlois, Mr. Haupt's opponent, suggested that there might have been some discrepancy in that vote at the Parliament meeting held that night. He noted that there was some difference in the count of the first ballot and that of the second. According to the first figures, only 17 Parliament members voted on the first ballot, but 18 voted on the second. On the first ballot, the vote was tied, 8-8-1. Mr.

DeBlois would have won by one vote on the first ballot, but one of his supporters was invalidated as a Parliament member for errors on his petition of membership. The matter of the count discrepancy was cleared up by determining that there were two abstentions on the first ballot. Dean Dixon McCool abstained on both ballots.

Mr. Haupt made the following appointments, pending approval by next year's Parliament:

James Hasenfus, Vice-President; Paul Olszewski, Treasurer; J. Zangari, Treasurer and Paul DeBlois to the Faculty Council. Brain Taft won the position of Speaker by a vote of 11-6-1 and appointed Mike Ritoli as Deputy Speaker.



Another Student Busted for Plagiarism

The Board of College Discipline heard and decided another case of academic dishonesty this past week. The result is that the June graduation will find one less senior in line for his diploma. The student cheated on an examination, received a "zero" for the test, and has failed the course as a result. The flagrant nature of the violation brought the matter to the Board of College Discipline for the consideration of College sanctions. The failure in the course might not have prevented the student from graduating, but the decision of the Board of Discipline will. Before the student can be graduated, he will have to repeat the failed course, or take another 300-level course in the same department.

All of the cases of academic dishonesty to come to the attention of the Board in the past two years have originated in the Department of History. This has resulted in part from

the attitude and leadership of the Department's chairman, Professor Ronald Ballinger. The Faculty Manual requires that a professor who detects academic dishonesty consult with his department chairman in the matter. After doing this, the classroom teacher is required to report his actions in the matter to the Dean of Academic Affairs, and the instructor may send the case to the Board of College Discipline for its consideration and decision. Professor Ballinger has urged his staff who are confronted with flagrant cheating to send all the cases to the Board of College Discipline. This forces the College to confront the reality of dishonesty with the hope that it will assume its responsibility in creating an honorable academic climate. If the cases are only dealt with by individual instructors and buried from sight, no improvement in academic morality is likely to occur.

Marland to Address Grad Commencement

Dr. Sidney P. Marland, Jr., assistant secretary for education in the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare will give the commencement address at Rhode Island College's graduate commencement, Friday evening June 8 at 7:30 p.m. in the college's Walsh Physical Education Center.

Dr. Marland will be awarded the honorary degree Doctor of Pedagogy at the ceremony during which a record number of nearly six-hundred advanced degrees will be conferred.

Dr. Marland, 58, is the first assistant secretary for education to be appointed under the provisions of the education amendments of 1972 which established the Education Division of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, creating the position.

The Education Division includes the Office of Education and the National

(Con't. on Pg. 4)

This Week:

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Amended Budget

Dance Company	\$2,250.00
Theatre	2,000.00
Fine Arts	21,937.00
Coffee House	2,350.00
Board of Governors	25,114.00
	\$61,948.00
Gold Key	600.00
Jericho Society	425.00
Co-op Playgroup	1,050.00
Drop-In Center	800.00
Community Service	1,415.00
	\$4,290.00
Yearbook	5,000.00
Anchor	13,268.00
	\$18,268.00
Parliament	7,859.00
Industrial Arts	135.00
Pell-Tiernan Interns	430.00
Emergency Fund	1,000.00
Freshman Class	500.00
General Fund	remainder
TOTAL BUDGET:	\$98,800.00

In this issue



OPINIONS



America

by Will Collette

Exercises in Futility: Keeping the Customer Satisfied

Though they would be loathe to admit it, state legislators do operate on a contract basis, and a definite quota of outlandish, flamboyant and popular legislation is required if these men are to stay in the public eye as good Joes and be reelected. The great masses of voters, the customers, have particular, unarticulated desires which the legislators find they must constantly seek in order to garnish affection. As a result, legislation that is often considered and frequently passed is of a quality that one might describe as less than one would expect from such an august body as our State Legislature or, as I prefer to term it, futile.

Some examples:

FORCED FINGERPRINTING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN. Introduced in last year's General Assembly, several bills called for all Rhode Island school children to have their prints taken by either the State Police, the local cops or some agency to be established by the state. The prints were considered necessary to prevent any kid from being unidentified in the case of a disaster. They were really talking about unclaimed corpses, a situation that arises every few years when a body turns up that isn't claimed for a few weeks. What made these bills more than just a practical consideration and got them into the area of futility were provisions that called for the act to be 1) compulsory, 2) to be the start of files on the children, and 3) to include only token protection of the children's constitutional rights.

All of the bills failed, mainly due to the actions of citizens' groups in marshalling public response against them. But, even if the bills had passed, they would have been struck down as unconstitutional, and classifying them, without a doubt, as totally futile.

THE GREAT SWORDFISH CONTROVERSY. Folks with a taste for swordfish cannot fault Erich O'D. Taylor of Newport. Mr. Taylor militated for the rights of swordfish fishermen in the face of pinko F.D.A. pronouncements that swordfish is bad for you. He sponsored a successful resolution denouncing the F.D.A. and asking Congress to rescind all bans on swordfish sale and consumption. It was promptly sent to Washington where it was filed under "Resolutions to be Read and Discarded."

RUSSIAN FISHERMEN. Consider the same scenario as above, only substitute "Russian Fishermen" for F.D.A. and rights of fishermen in general for swordfish fishermen and send this resolution to Washington to be filed in the same place.

DRAFT DODGERS. Using the same format as above, substitute "draft dodgers" for "Russian Fishermen" and "all decent, honest, patriotic Americans" for "fishermen in general," send the bill to Washington and draw your own conclusions.

MONDAY HOLIDAYS. With a slight departure from the above format, the Rhode Island Legislature passed a resolution asking Congress to abandon the Monday Holiday concept and revert back to the original calendar. The principal bones of contention were those most patriotic and hallowed holidays of Armistice Day and Memorial Day, whose shift was highly disfavored by veteran's groups. The debate over the resolution implied that the makers of the Monday holiday bill would be less likely to tinker with the holidays if THEY had gone to Iwo Jima instead of going to school to learn how to be a wise ass. The resolution to change back to the old system of holidays was duly sent to Washington.

Finally, we have before us, the greatest act of futility of all, the R.I. action against abortion. Though I can understand the pressures the legislators must be under from the many Catholics in the state, it is difficult to justify all the time and money expended fighting such a futile battle. The legislative time alone has cost the taxpayers thousands, and, certainly, the outcome is in little doubt. The court costs may bring the final cost into the millions. But, naturally, this is a battle that must be fought. As frightening as unarticulated desires must be, the ARTICULATED wishes of none other than the diocese of Providence must have awesome effect upon our state legislators.

State governments have been scorned and parodied for dozens of decades and often with good reason. The give and take between federal and state governments often assumes ludicrous positions, such as the Rhode Island suit against the federal government over the naval base closings. Though much sentiment can be mustered over changing the State Flag from its present form to its original Revolutionary War design, little action can be obtained on such issues as no-fault insurance, improvements in the delivery of human services, or such concrete items as veteran's bonuses. But, of course, you can see a flag, but you can't see a human need.



From the Editor's Desk: Final Comment

These closing remarks are directed to a student body about to depart from this campus for the summer, a newspaper staff about to cool their typewriters, and editor's desk about to be vacated.

I walked into this editorial position last September, with my first duty being to say and do something about the rise in food prices on this campus, that had transpired over the summer. My successor, will likewise, take his place at the helm of the Anchor, come September '73, with what I expect to be a tirade of protest over the new closed-dining room facility. Problem: Unresolved.

Through most of this past semester, the Whipple vs. speech/theatre department has been one of brewing controversy and flowing tempers in print. The semester will end with this problem, as usual, unresolved.

This past semester began with no formal presidential figure. It ends with that aspect still in debate. And again, unresolved.

(Con't. on Pg. 4)

U.S. Supports Racism In S. Africa

by RIC Attica Brigade

When the U.S. is choosing up sides — between profits and people — between racism and capitalism — it invariably comes down on the side of greed of the few and against the legitimate rights of the great mass of people. This is witnessed in southern Africa where American corporate investment supports and encourages apartheid inside the Republic of South Africa, and in the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola where American companies aid Portugal in her wars against African peoples in order to maintain their 'rights' in Africa's rich resources.

Gulf Oil is a single corporation, but is extremely important in maintaining Portugal as a colonial power in Africa. Gulf spends \$20,000,000 in 1971 and \$50,000,000 last year to pay Portugal for maintaining its oil rights in Angola. These payments represent 76% of Portugal's military budget to fight its colonial war in Angola where freedom fighters of the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) struggle to gain independence from Portugal. Gulf's contract in this case is with a foreign colonialist government which

(Con't. on Pg. 4)



Letters

Sorry About Whipple Proposal

May 21

Dr. John Nazarian, Chairman
College Space Committee
Peter Glans
Physical Science
Conversion of Whipple Gym

I am sorry to learn that the proposal to convert Whipple Gymnasium for Theatre uses is being considered. Rhode Island College recreational facilities presently would be rated just adequate when compared to comparable institutions. To reduce these further would indicate that student and faculty recreational opportunities merit very low priority; this attitude would not be worthy of an advancing college like RIC.

To see that the present facilities do not handle the load adequately, one only has to drop in to Whipple during midday. One will notice two or more sports being played on the gym floor alone. Many times most of the basketball baskets are off limits because tennis, volleyball, paddleball or trampolining are in progress.

To shift this whole load to Walsh (where some facilities are available for only a portion of the day and some are never available) would make extreme overcrowding and/or frustration a certainty.

John Taylor has done a fine job in developing the present recreational program despite many stumbling blocks. I hope your committee will not negate his efforts by voting in favor of the conversion proposal.

cc: President Willard
John Taylor
The Anchor

A Final Truthful Word About Whipple

by Ron Stetson

Up to this point the Whipple controversy has been one of ridiculous rhetoric. Both in this newspaper and at the public hearing held last week people have been engaged in a spirited exchange of ideas that have nothing to do with the subject. At that hearing each obsequious statement was prefaced with a remark that deferred 'in understanding' to the plight of the opposing viewpoint and concluded with innane reasons why they needed Whipple more than the other guy. No one addressed himself to the problem at hand.

Jackie Healy needed Whipple so she could practice skiing during the warmer months. She desperately needed to do this to keep herself away from, "drugs, alcohol, and sex." Mr. Borst needed Whipple because athletics is the great equalizer and he wants to bang heads with his students. Barry Emmett wants Whipple for the theatre so he won't rip his fingernails on power saws any more. The absurdity goes on and on and the Board of Regents was perfectly content to listen to this garbage knowing full well the problem was being avoided.

The only person who made any sense at all was Bill Baird. Mr. Baird gave a very eloquent verbal dissertation on the problems that would be en-

countered by the Phys. Ed. Department if the recreation program was moved to Walsh. I am still in the dark as to who wrote these remarks for Mr. Baird but they were never the less eloquent. He did not, however, address himself to the problem.

I am an English major involved heavily in Theatre as well as recreation. I use Whipple Gym extensively for basketball. I am quite sensitive to the needs of both organizations and am also aware that neither's needs make a goddamn bit of difference. The situation is far more serious and has political and administrative ramifications.

When carefully considered the problem of Whipple Gym is a simple but serious one. At this present time the Theatre Department at R.I.C. is offering courses to students that they must take in order to fulfill their major. (This is particularly important for those students who are interested in a professional, non-teaching, career.) In order to fulfill the requirements for these courses students are asked to do certain things that require a great deal of time and rehearsal space! This is a virtually impossible task due to the lack of space problem that the theatre is now con-

(Con't. on Pg. 4)

Magic Theatre

Janet Rothbart

(More on Pg. 9)

I have written my last
Unsent letter
Whose silenced greetings
Will go no farther than
The envelope (of course never
to be sealed),
Mocking
With blank white laughter.
These inky layers
Are cumbersome; and I have
Smiles yet to print
Across the thousand thousand
miles
To rustle in your ears

JL

Two brown-bag brothers
(floor fellows)
Like sleeping worms
wrapped in warm cocoons
Lie waiting to be awakened
by some other something
And dream of someday
when cold zippers will be
opened
And spirits freed
to fly into the light
of some blazing sun.

pwh
3/24/73

IN REVIEW:

The Worst of the Jefferson Airplane

RCA LSP 4459

This is a relatively old disc that I occasionally bring out to savor. It is another of a long series of collection albums, ones that you know as usually having titles, "The Best of....etc." Many of these kinds of albums, as you probably know, are simple devices for getting more dollar mileage out of old recordings.

"The Worst" of the Jefferson Airplane is a good collection of their finest work. If you are a Jefferson Airplane fan from way back, you probably already have all of the cuts on the original albums. However, if you are like me, you might have the albums, but they are probably scratched to shit from several years of abuse. The "Worst" album is well transcribed with a very high degree of engineering quality (probably better than the originals), and for me, it was a pleasure to hear these songs without scratches and hissing.

The album contains the following cuts: "It's no Secret, Blues from an Airplane (1966); Somebody to Love, Today (Marty Balin's best song), White Rabbit (Grace's best), Embryonic Journey (1967); Martha, The Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil (After Bathing at Baxter's, 1967); Crown of Creation, Chushingura, Lather (1968); Plastic Fantastic Lover (from Bless its Pointed Little Head, 1969); Good Shepard, We Can Be Together, and Volunteers (1969).

W.C.

Mores

Olivia

I don't understand.
Why does it unsettle me
When did things become
dirty.
Was it when I was reading
Daddy's
porno in a small room with
pink and
white striped wallpaper and an
orgasm
snuck up on me
startling
scaring me into
defining and explaining
the way the primitives
explained away the sun —
I guess I shouldn't feel bad
after all it was out of ignorance
that man
invented
God.

"Christmas Music/Dances from the Terpsichore"

by Michael Praetorius
"Two Suites
from 'Banchetto Musicale'"
by Johann Hermann Schein
Nonesuch H-71128

The selections on this album represent some of the liveliest and most advanced of the Renaissance music. "Christmas Music" is basically hymnals and other religious music written for the time, but have a richness that makes their sounds pleasantly appropriate at any time. "Dances from the Terpsichore" is secular music, the only music of a non-religious theme written by Praetorius. These Dances are modeled after the dances done by French peasants of the early 1600's and features an ensemble of recorders with a small section of percussion instruments, mainly small drums. The best word to describe these dances is sprightly. The music conveys a mood of lightness and frivolity that is sometimes not apparent in the recorded works of this period.

Schein's suite represents some early experimentation with orchestral forms. It employs an ensemble of strings, recorders, dulcian, harpsichord and percussion, a kind of Renaissance orchestra. Though akin to Praetorius' work in theme, that of the use of the dance form, Schein's Suites are more similar to later works by Bach than to the simpler works of the Renaissance. Schein uses the dance to express abstract themes, complicating simple melodies with advanced usage of contrapuntal techniques and orchestration. The results are quite sophisticated.

In all, Schein's work provides an interesting balance to the lightness and gaiety of Praetorius' work. Though I do have my doubts as to whether these two composers' works belong on the same album, they do provide a good look at serious Renaissance music.

W.C.

Ordung

by George McFadden and
Raymond Plante

(Note: This story was written in collaboration with Raymond Plante of Woonsocket. A number of different techniques were used in writing it and perhaps an explanation is needed. Some sections were written by both of us and others were written separately by Mr. Plante and myself. Most of the action of the story takes place outside of the narration and we meant for this action and many of the ideas of the story to be merely suggested. The first section is a telephone conversation between a policeman (Sarge) and a welfare worker (Mr. Orifice) who handles Ordung's case. The rest of the sections comprise Ordungs narrations. G.M.)

"Hello, Mr. Orifice?"

"Yes"

"This is Sergeant Sargent of the Police Department here and I would like to talk to you about a Mr. Ordung. You do handle his case, don't you?"

"Yes I do. What's the trouble?"

"Well, lately Mr. Ordung has been causing a bit of trouble in the vicinity of Half Pint Alley where he lives and..."

"Could you speak up Sergeant. I'm having a lot of static on this end of the line."

"Surely. As I was saying, Mr. Ordung has been getting a bit out of hand and we'd appreciate it if you could have a little talk with him. Ask him to show a little more restraint in public."

"Well what sort of trouble do you mean? Has he been violent or abusive..."

"He has been very abusive to us on the beat and I think that he may very well become violent if a stop isn't put to his present actions. He seems to be too offensive for his own good and..."

"Sergeant. I don't know how long you have known Mr. Ordung or how well you know him but let me tell you that he is a very outgoing man and he likes to talk. Sometimes he talks too much but it's not intolerable. And besides, I don't see what I can do. What do you want? Do you want me to follow him around all the time and advise him on every word he says or every action he does?"

"Just tell him to restrain himself. Maybe you could tell him, or hint to him, that his Welfare Aid might be cut off, you know..."

"I most certainly will not tell him anything of the sort. I will tell of your 'concern' for him but other than that I can't do a thing."

"Alright, alright but you could be doing him a favor if you would advise him strongly."

"O.K. Sergeant, now if you don't mind I'd like to get back to my work. Mr. Ordung is not

my only case. I have a fellow in here now who is in dire need of a new pair of shoes so I would like to get on my way."

"Yes Mr. Orifice. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

I'm in a theater. The Old Opera House it's called. There are not many people here. I'm the only one in my row. The chandeliers on the high ceiling give off a dull orange glow. No reflections here. A few more people filter in but the place is still not crowded. The lights begin to dim and as they do the chatter of the audience grows silent. A girl in a tight fitting sequined costume walks slowly across the stage with a sign announcing the act. She looks familiar but I can't place her. Maybe she just has a familiar

(1930's straw hat burlesque madness)

It's incredible how you drove me insane

Then left for the guy on Rue South Main

I know you only did it for personal gain

And I won't tell you that it caused me pain

But I'll never, never do it

I'll never, never do it

I'll never, never do it again.

I panic and leave my seat. I run up the aisle and try to escape but it's no good. The man with the hook is catching up to me. He catches my neck with the hook and then grabs my arm. He pushes me toward backstage and I stumble. He picks me up and brings me to the backstage door and throws me out into the alley behind the theater. The stagedoor light



face. The sign is half as big as she is and all you can see is her smiling face and the lower

portions of her legs. I wonder if she keeps on smiling when she goes backstage? The stage is completely darkened and a spotlight is shined on the side of the stage. A man in a red and white striped suit jumps out. He has on a straw hat and he is carrying a cane. He walks to the middle of the stage and looks straight into the center of the theater. He keeps this position for about thirty seconds and then he starts to twirl the cane. He breaks into a song, throwing the words to the back of the theater with his voice which is one of the strongest I've ever heard. He does a few songs like this and then goes to the back of the stage. The band breaks out into a quick-paced number and ten girls dance out onto the stage, kicking their right legs out into the air in unison. The man in the striped suit walks out in front of them and starts singing. He seems to look at me but I'm not sure. Suddenly a spotlight is cast on me and the man on stage screams his song, dancing wildly with the girls and glaring at me with wide eyes and clenched teeth:

burns into my eyes. My act is over.

I wave at cabs until one finally stops for me. I have to go home. We go down Fifth Avenue a mile or so past Quart Square. The cab dumps me off at the mouth of Half Pint Alley, right in the arms of the city's finest. "Hello Sarge. How's your vinyl blackjack?" I taunt him according to the custom of the neighborhood. We like to keep him where he belongs, on the outskirts, guarding us, for we have our law. We all partake freely of the porklungs hanging out to dry under streetlamps 'till they're crisp as anisette cookies. We share the contents of the rain barrel, we share the worms washed out of their own alleys by the torrents, the kivers and dye-breathers from the millstream. It's Sarge's job to keep those out that cannot respect these edicts of ours, for we do and we stay here freely.

Up the cobblestone hill homeward, my footsteps muffled in the dark transformed into machine-squeals, bullsnores, any sound I think

(Con't. on Pg. 9)

Final Truth (Con't. from Pg. 2)

fronted with. The absurdity of this statement is astounding. Here we are confronted with a department that requires that students do things for a passing grade that are nearly impossible to do because of the lack of facilities. For example: imagine, if you will, that you are enrolled in a gymnastics course. In order to pass you must do a balance beam routine. The Phys. Ed. department, however, does not provide you with a beam on which to rehearse or to display your work at the end of the semester. This sounds ridiculous but never the less it is the theatre students problem at the moment. I might add that this does not even take into consideration the lack of space to build sets and the inherent danger from cluttered power tools.

What is the solution? This is the simple question to answer yet the one that has all the serious administrative ramifications. Given the existing problem the administration must do one of two things. Firstly, it could stop offering these performance orientated courses thereby alleviating the students problem in fulfilling the requirements. This, of course, would mean the end of the theatre department as it

now exists. Secondly, they could provide the space necessary to fulfill the requirements. If Whipple Gym is the only space available then there should be no discussion. What it boils down to is, does or does not this administration want to have a reputable Theatre Department.

Perhaps I have opened Pandora's Box and will encounter difficulty on all fronts. Frankly I don't care! If this administration wishes to keep this school Rhode Island College of Education, whether they choose to call it that or not, and cater to the needs of Casual Corner honeys who sew up their twats and play around in elementary schools, then keep Whipple for recreation. However, if they wish to build a reputable liberal education institution that can fill the needs of professionally orientated people then they damn well better do something about it, and do it now! I am not defending either position here I am merely defining the problem and asking the administration to address itself to that problem. I don't care who gets Whipple but I do care about the direction this institution is taking and feel this is a fine opportunity to define that direction.

Racism in S. Africa (Con't. from Pg. 2)

is occupying Angola and not with the Angolan people to whom these rich resources justly belong.

While Gulf Oil makes its private deals with racist and colonialist powers, the U.S. Government gave a \$436,000,000 loan to Portugal in 1972 to insure Portuguese military strength in the face of the increasing successes of the African liberation fighters. This was in addition to the support already given to Portugal through NATO, which America again dominates.

In South Africa American corporate investment along with West European companies (excluding Britain) accounts for one-third of business investment in South Africa. Britain, a strong ally of the U.S., is an even stronger ally of South Africa and its corporate investment accounts for 60% of South Africa's economy. American investment in South Africa is ever increasing and to a lesser degree so is that of Japan — Japanese businessmen have been established as "honorary whites" in South Africa's practical brand of racism.

Some of the main companies which have huge investments in South Africa are UNION CARBIDE, which has been in S. Africa since the 1930's; IBM has a near monopoly in computer-related industries. By 1958 FORD and GENERAL MOTORS controlled 70% of the total assets of South Africa's auto industry. The auto plants follow strictly the apartheid system of S. Africa and work areas, locker rooms and rest rooms are rigidly segregated. One GM plant has been

designed specifically to allow conversion to military production when S. Africa's racist time bomb begins to explode. G.M. and FORD 'have a better idea' on how to repress African working people.

South Africa lacks its own supply of crude oil and therefore must import it from abroad. American companies like CALTEX, MOBIL and EXXON dominate the refining and marketing industries of S. African imported crude oil.

Many apologists for South Africa argue that American corporate investment creates more jobs for blacks and whites, but in reality such investment only serves to reinforce and legitimize the apartheid system. African workers are not allowed to engage in collective bargaining or to participate in strikes. The recent strikes in South Africa were, where 100,000 African workers walked off the job in Durban, according to the racist government, illegal. African workers are paid far less than are white workers. Increasing American investment has failed to "liberalize apartheid" as corporate executives like to claim. In a survey by NEWSWEEK magazine in 1971 it was found that American businessmen with investments in South Africa were not opposed to apartheid. American corporations have more investments in South Africa than in any other African country, and similar investments in other White-minority ruled countries of southern Africa (eg. Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola) are rising. American corporations, in particular, have done much to develop both strategic in-

Thanks

To the Editor:

I would like to thank all those involved in the *Helicon* for doing a fine job. This was the first issue that has appeared in two years and I think it was the sincere effort of those involved that the magazine appeared at all.

I would like to especially thank Mr. Daniel Orsini, the advisor, for his diligence in putting the magazine together. Also Mr. Norman Ranone for his help in setting the reading which worked out so wonderfully. (No, Norman, I don't wear that denim jacket to bed.) Most of all, I would like to thank the writers and artists who contributed to the magazine for their excellent work. I hope that we can publish another issue next year and, if everything goes well, we may.

Thank you,
George McFadden, editor
Helicon

Grad Commencement (Con't. from Pg. 1)

Institute of Education. As assistant secretary, Dr. Marland serves as the principal officer in the department with responsibility for the direction and supervision of the Education Division.

Dr. Marland served as U. S. Commissioner of Education, responsible for the operation of the Office of Education, from December 17, 1970, until he became Assistant Secretary. His career in education also includes experience as a teacher and more than 20 years as a school administrator. He was superintendent of schools in Darien, Connecticut, from 1948 to 1956, then in Winnetka, Illinois, until 1963 and in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, until 1968. He was president of the Institute of Educational Development, a nonprofit educational research and development organization in New York City, from 1968 until he became Commissioner.

Dr. Marland was born in Danielson, Connecticut, August 19, 1914. He was awarded his B.A. by the University of Connecticut in 1936, his M.A. by the same university in 1950, and his Ph.D. by New York University in 1955. He holds honorary degrees from the University of Pittsburgh, New York University, Denison University, Northwestern University, and Ripon College. He began his career at William Hall High School in

dustries and to foster economic self-sufficiency in South Africa. Regardless of their alleged MOTIVES their EFFECT is that of increasing racist South Africa's military and economic strength.

What can American workers do? They can support the BOYCOTT GULF campaign and refuse to buy any Gulf Oil products. In late 1970 American employees (especially Afro-Americans) at the headquarters of the Polaroid Corporation which maintains large investments in S. Africa demanded that Polaroid stop its business dealings in South Africa. The corporation was forced by the militancy of its workers to respond with some reformist promises that Polaroid would raise the salaries of African workers and would contribute funds to African educational advancement. Similarly IBM employees have demanded that this company stop doing business in South Africa.

West Hartford, Connecticut, where he taught English from 1938 to 1941. In 1941 he went into military service as a first lieutenant, ultimately reaching the rank of colonel at age 30. He participated in five campaigns in the Pacific and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Legion of Merit, and the Bronze Star. He also served as Director of Research, Pacific Military Intelligence, on the Army General Staff in Washington.

Dr. Marland is currently serving on the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO. He is a member of the American Association of School Administrators and a past member of the Visiting Committee of the Harvard Board of Overseers. Dr. Marland has served on the Board of Trustees of the University of Pittsburgh and of Allegheny Community College. He has taught at Harvard University, Northwestern University, and New York University. He is past president of the Winnetka Izaak Walton League, the Darien Library Association, and the Great Cities School Improvement Council.

With Carleton W. Washburne, he is co-author of *Winnetka: The History and Significance of an Educational Experiment*. He has also written various monographs, book contributions, and journal articles.

Photo Exhibit

thru June 8th

"Five Women With Cameras" is the title of an exhibition of photos now on display at the Rhode Island College Faculty Center. The show, which runs through June 8, features work by five women who have studied photography at RIC during the past year.

In the show are photos by Joyce Sormanti of Providence, Valerie Felt of Saunderson, Jennifer Carlsten of Warwick, Catherine Hill of Providence and Maureen Arata, also of Providence.

The exhibit is open to the public weekdays from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Final Comment

(Con't. from Pg. 2)

What occurs on this campus often enough is a curious knack of events and controversies to spiral upward into concentric shapes. To be blunt — things just keep going in circles! Through bureaucratic shuffling, departmental memos and student body apathy, items on campus can see no guiding light, no force for intervention.

When the jocs and theatre people return in September to their familiar stamping grounds in the lower level of Donovan — only to find it locked and with a price tag — I'd like them to remember the measly 21 students who replied to the campus-wide survey to determine Donovan's future. Here was an opportunity to take part in an important and far-reaching decision — and as usual — no attempts by the student body for resolution.

This contagious infection of apathy I leave to the new editorial staff of the *Anchor*, as incentive, reason for being and as enemy. During the past academic year we have touched the bottom of the barrel and reached many of the unreachable. Let us continue to inform, delight and shock in an evercontinuing campaign. Let those uninformed masses be your reason to haggle with printers, scream at budget officials and swear at malfunctioning typewriters. Let those "see-no-evil, hear-no-evil" student-faculty-administration bodies be the target of your boldest headlines and most damaging editorials.

There are a couple thousand people on this campus who need a good kick in the behind. So take your *Anchor*, wrap it around your boot and KICK!!! RIGHT ON!!!

Dennis J. Picard

Editor-In-Chief

She Needs Your Help



She's only one of the hundreds of thousands of small victims of the war in Indo-China—many of them maimed or blinded—who look to UNICEF for help. The United Nations Children's Fund is organizing a massive recovery program for youngsters desperately in need of better food, shelter and medical care. Your contribution may be sent to U.S. Committee for UNICEF, 331 East 38th St., New York 10016.



The Anchor

1973 Outdoors and Travel Supplement

Camping in Rhode Island

Rhode Island has an abundance of camping locations, considering the state's size and the scarcity of locations left unspoiled by urbanization. There are four state-run areas and a score of privately run campgrounds. Discussions of Rhode Island areas will be limited to those run by the state, mainly due to a relative lack of experience with private campgrounds and other reasons.

The Rhode Island-run areas will be open as of April 1st and will stay open until October 31st. During the 1972 season, their fee was \$2 per day.

Burlingame State Park, the largest with 755 sites, is located right off Route 1 in Charlestown. The area is heavily wooded and hilly with many opportunities for hikers. It has the requisite fireplaces and firewood is usually available. This is the park everyone seems to know about, and, even if you can find a place to camp here, you can be certain that conditions will be crowded. It would be best to camp here on off-days (that is, not on busy weekends).

Acadia State Park in Exeter has 26 sites and is situated in some of the state's most beautiful terrain. To reach this area, take Route 165 off of Route 3. This area has some of the best tree cover I have seen. It is also located near the Narragansett Indian settlement in Arcadia Village. The Narragansetts run an interesting restaurant in the village called the Dearcrest. The cuisine is more South County Yankee than Indian, but is well-prepared and quite tasty. Behind the restaurant is the Deercrest Trading Post where it is possible to buy Indian handicrafts made by various tribes. One can expect Arcadia to be filled on most weekends.

The George Washington Management Area in West Gloucester is listed as having 40 sites, though, as of late March, the construction of many new sites could be seen. Many of the sites in this area are plainly inferior. The Forest in the main area in the front of the park is sparse and the ground and rocky and bare; very hard to sleep on. The sites in the back of the park seem to have contrasting good and bad points. Many are immediately overlooking a very pretty series of ponds and nearly all seem to be quite spacious and heavily wooded for privacy. However, the road through this area is a labyrinth, and unless signs pointing the way out are posted, many campers are liable to be lost most of the time. The biggest drawbacks seem to be the closeness to the water and the large number of small water holes in the area. Either the campers will be plagued by mosquitoes and black flies or they will have to smell kerosene-treated water. In general, this area still needs a lot of work by the state. However, I have been told by avid hikers that the best hiking in the state is in this region.

The last Rhode Island site is the Fisherman's Memorial State Park in Narragansett off Route 108. It has 35 tent sites and 105 trailer sites. I have no experience with this area and only know what I have read. It has flush toilets and hot showers, an absolute rarity among government-run campgrounds. The only other attraction listed is swimming in the ocean. And that's not bad.

National Parks

There is a National Park or forest within a day's drive of nearly every section of the United States. Most of these parks conserve some of the greatest natural wonders in America and contain trails and campgrounds to facilitate the traveler's enjoyment.

However, all of the parks are being faced with a common problem: overcrowding, especially in the cases of Yellowstone-Grand Teton and Yosemite. Though each contains campgrounds with several hundred sites, these are filled to the brim with amazing quickness. This is no great loss, though, since most of these grounds can be best described as "tent projects" with campers stacked on top of each other like cordwood. As a saving grace, however, the resolute camper can look to the National Forests for respite. Around nearly every one of the Western National Parks, there is a belt of National Forest, usually peppered with small, but beautiful campgrounds with capacities of five to ninety sites each. Some campgrounds lack fresh drinking water, but a trusty water jug overcomes that difficulty. I would suggest avoiding the National Forest campgrounds entirely (especially in Yellowstone) and heading straight for the National Forest.

Despite this discouragement, the National Parks offer the most breathtaking scenery in America and, if you are going that way, it would be a shame to miss them.

New England: Campers' Paradise

By Will Collette

Considering the beauty of many of our New England areas, it is not surprising to find that campground facilities in New England are both plentiful and of high quality. Throughout the northernmost states, state and federally run campgrounds offer sites that combine comfort and close proximity to natural wonders and good hiking trails.

This is especially true of the campgrounds administered by the U. S. Forestry Service in both the White Mountains National Forest of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains National Forest in Vermont. Also, but to a slightly lesser extent, these descriptions fit the Arcadia National Park in upper Maine.

In the White Mountains, the camper will find nearly a dozen campgrounds to choose from. Nearly all are in the most picturesque areas. Several are right on the Kancamagus Highway next to Swift River, one of the most beautiful white water rivers in the U.S. Others are situated under many of the most formidable mountains. All are close by the numerous trails through the forest and near the famous Appalachian Trail. Except for a few grounds designed mainly for trailers, all sites are well wooded, near fresh water and firewood is available. Except for the most popular weekends (like the Memorial Day weekend just passed), sites are almost always available at one site or another. During the last weekend, we were told by the park rangers that all sites in the National Forest were filled by Friday evening. However, this presented only a minor hassle, since we were able to find a good site in the Crawford Notch State Park. This campground, I might add, was of equal quality to any of the National Forest sites, except for being a little close to the highway.

The trails through the national forest vary in difficulty and attractiveness. Some especially rewarding trails include the Crawford Path, which can vary in length depending on what you wish to see. It is 2.9 miles of relatively easy climbing to the top of Mount Pierce (elev. 4300 ft.) which is above the tree line, providing a majestic view of the Presidential Range. From the top of Mount Pierce, the enterprising hiker can hike all the way across the Presidential Range above the tree line, though it would be unwise not to bring a backpack and provisions for such a hike. Another relatively short hike with rewarding results is the Arethusa Falls trails and Frankenstein Cliffs. The Arethusa Falls provide a treat for the hiker at the end of that trail.

The Green Mountain National Forest offers similar attractions, though there are not quite as many sites for camping as in the White Mountains. The mountains are also not nearly as majestic. However, the upper regions of the National Forests have a charm of their own.

In the Berkshires area of Massachusetts, we noted several very beautiful State parks regions, especially in the Mohawk Valley region.

The National Park at Bar Harbor in Maine has two very large camping areas. However, these become filled to capacity early in the weekend, reflecting a situation confronting all of America's National Parks. The Forestry Service has indicated that it will soon be forced to employ a computerized pre-registration system for campers, with campers being required to make reservations well in advance. They note that this is the price that must be paid if more people are to enjoy America's outdoors.

Until that day comes, it is advisable for campers who wish to stay in the more popular areas to check out what is available in a reputable camping guide for the areas they want. (Checkout time is usually around 9 a.m. and sites become available around this time.) In the middle afternoon, sites often become impossible to obtain.



Hiking on Mount Rainier.



Grand Teton



Mount Rainier



Yellowstone Lake

TRAVEL

DENMARK

WHERE TO STAY

Youth Hostels. Throughout Scandinavia, youth hostels provide comfortable, inexpensive accommodations. But the name is not only misleading, it is also inaccurate. There is no age limit for visitors to hostels, and the accommodations are not plain, utility-type barracks but almost always buildings with a great deal of charm and character.

This is the fun way to travel. You meet people your own age in surroundings conducive to friendship and generations away from staid, stuffy hotels.

In Denmark, there are some 90 youth hostels, called *Vandrerhjem*, scattered conveniently throughout the country. They vary in character from the half-timbered house at Faaborg with its cold water showers to the new 50-bed Vesteramsthallen at Gram with all the most modern conveniences including a swimming pool. Yet all *Vandrerhjem* have three things in common. They are cozy, spotlessly clean and efficiently run.

Family Rooms Also

In addition to the usual dormitory room arrangement, about 70 of the hostels have family rooms. Another unique Scandinavian feature is that motorists are allowed to use the facilities, though if accommodations are tight, cyclists and hikers are given priority.

Hostels are fully-equipped with beds and bedding but visitors must have a sheet sleeping bag, which, if not brought along can be rented (Dkr6-8).

Normally, individual members will find beds available if they do not arrive too late in the evening. However, groups must always make reservations in advance.

Membership Card Required

Who is entitled to use a *vandrerhjem*? Almost everybody. The only requirement is that you must have a membership card issued by your national youth hostel association or an international card. You can obtain the latter in Denmark for Dkr43. The U.S. and Canadian youth hostel organizations charge \$10 (about Dkr70) for such a card.

A useful handbook entitled "*Vandrerhjem*", published by the Danish YHA, lists the locations of all the hostels in Denmark. It can be obtained at local tourist offices, bookshops, or by writing to the Danish Youth Hostels Association (price Dkr7, plus postage).

Your contact address:

Herbergs-Ringen (Danish Youth Hostel Association)
Vesterbrogade 35
DK-1620 Copenhagen V
Tel. 01-313612

Student hostels and other accommodations

COPENHAGEN

In Copenhagen, no membership card of any kind is required to stay at the DIS Student Hostel. DIS stands for Danish International Student Committee and their hostel is located only 10 minutes by tram or bus from the Central Railway Station, Air Terminal and Town Hall Square. It provides low-cost accommodations in dormitories containing 4 to 12 beds. Bed linen is supplied but you must bring your own towel.

The hostel has central heating, washrooms with showers (hot and cold water) and a total capacity of 150 beds. Groups can be accommodated. The DIS Student Hostel is open 24 hours a day all year round to all youth.

Your contact address:

DIS Student Hostel
26 Sankt Hans Torv
DK-2200 Copenhagen N
Tel. 01-359108 Telex 5213

Another popular place for young people to stay is the Students' Club Hostel. Open from June 15 to September 19, it offers bed and breakfast for Dkr20. It has a capacity of 55 beds, 40 male and 15 female.

Because it is situated in the Students' Club building, center of many youthful activities, and is located only two minutes from the heart of the city, the Students' Club Hostel is one of the "in" places to stay.

Your contact address:

Students' Club Hostel
6 H. C. Andersens Boulevard
DK-1553 Copenhagen
Tel. 01-128742

If you would like to rent a room in a private house or hostel in Copenhagen, contact Turistrådet's *Vaerelsesansvining* (Tourist Board Room Service) at Kiosk P at the Central Railway Station. For a fee of 3-9 kr. this service will find you overnight accommodations.

AARHUS

Although there are no student hostels as such in Aarhus, it is usually possible to obtain inexpensive accommodations by calling the Tourist Information Office. In addition to offering a number of private rooms for approximately Dkr16 per night, the Tourist Information Office can also arrange for you to stay in a room at the university for about Dkr15 per night. The university rooms are also available at a rental of Dkr75 for a week, Dkr150 for a fortnight and Dkr295 for a month. If you wish to obtain such a room for an extended stay, it is wise to make your reservation well in advance.

Your contact address:

Aarhus Tourist Information Office
The Town Hall
Aarhus
Tel. 06-121600

AALBORG

In Aalborg there are several colleges where young people can stay overnight (or even for a month) at a reasonable charge.

It costs Dkr28 per night and Dkr225 per month to stay at:

Teknisk Kollegium
Kollegievej
9000 Aalborg
Tel. 135252

The rate is Dkr30 per night and Dkr260 per month for a similar accommodation at:

Nordjysk Handelskollegium
Stolpedalsvej 62
9000 Aalborg
Tel. 182764

ELSEWHERE

Another inexpensive form of lodging in Denmark...outside the cities...is to stay at country inns (called *kro* in Danish). Sometimes, for as little as Dkr15 per night you can stay in a charming, thatched-roof *kro* with oaken beams in the bedroom and a history as delightful as the foamy ale you enjoy at the bar.

CAMPSITES

With over 500 approved camping sites, Denmark is an easy country for young people familiar with camping. Even the one-star camping grounds, with minimum sanitary installations, are perfectly acceptable for most tent campers. The three-star sites include a camp warden, grocery store, shower facilities, etc. Camping passes are required for all approved sites. Should you arrive in Denmark without an International Pass, you can buy a Danish camping pass at the first camp site you visit. It is valid for four weeks at all approved sites and costs Dkr2 (per family).



Cycling is a favorite way of travel in many parts of Scandinavia.

CYCLING TOURS

While Denmark has always been a cycling country, it has only been in the last two years that it has started offering vacation tours to visitors. In Copenhagen for less than U.S. \$3 per week you can rent a bicycle at Københavns Cykelbør, 157, Gothersgade, Copenhagen K. Tel. 140717.

The Travel Bureau of the Youth Hostels Association now offers four different cycle tours.

Tour 1

7 days, 180 kms (112 miles) starts from Copenhagen and includes Elsinore, Fredriksborg, Roskilde, with visits to modern museums, tiny fishing villages, a royal palace, famous cathedral, and Viking Ship Museum. Price Dkr399. Tours depart July 21, July 28, August 4, 11.

Tour 2

7 days, 270 kms (170 miles) along the Danish border country between Denmark and Germany. Starting from Padborg, the group rides along narrow country roads to Tønder and Rudbøl where you can stand in the main street with one leg in Denmark and the other in Germany. The island of Romø, Gram, Abenrå, Flensburg, Fjord,

Campsites (Con't.)

If you don't care to bring along your own equipment, there are a number of shops in Copenhagen that rent tents and other camping accessories. Just look in the yellow pages of the Copenhagen Telephone Directory under "telt" (tent).

Two useful publications are available for campers...a free folder, "Camping," which is issued by the Danish Tourist Board, and a more comprehensive camping guide published by The National Camping Committee of Denmark (Dkr8.50).

Your contact address:

National Camping Committee of Denmark
Kjeld Langsgade 14
DK-1367 Copenhagen K.

For more information

(Sept. 1 to May 31) contact:

International Student Center, Hald
c/o DIS
36 Skindergade
DK-1159 Copenhagen K
Tel. 110044

(June 1 to Aug. 31) contact:

International Student Center, Hald
Hald Hovedgard
DK-8800 Viborg
Tel. 638060

STUDY IN DENMARK (and Scandinavia)

The Danish Institute arranges a number of instructive and entertaining summer seminars led by Scandinavian experts in a number of fields. Cost, including room and board and travel in Scandinavia, is less than \$30 a day. Here are the subjects for 1973:

Scandinavian Architecture - New trends in design and urban planning in Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish architecture: Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, Aalborg and Copenhagen. June 13-27.

Special Education in Scandinavia - Special education for the handicapped. Lectures, visits to institutions, presentation of methods and experiments: Aarhus, Oslo, Copenhagen and Malmö. August 19-31.

Social Welfare in Denmark - Introduction of Danish social policy and study of advanced institutes. Lectures group work, visits to institutions in all fields of social work: Aarhus, September 2-9.

Danish Gardens - The Danish tradition and developments in Danish horticulture. Visits to parks, public and private gardens in Jutland, Funen and Zealand: Aarhus, Odense and Copenhagen. July 8-18.

Danish Design - Introduction of Danish arts and crafts. Workshops in ceramics, weaving, free textile art, batik, jewelry. Lectures, demonstrations, discussions: The Art School, Holbaek. August 5-18.

Scandinavian-American Educational Seminar - Comparative study of Scandinavian and American educational systems. Lectures, group work, visits to schools, universities, museums, homes: Aalborg. Then study tours to Oslo, Stockholm and Copenhagen July 1-21.

Scandinavian Landscape Architecture - Design and planning of municipal parks, gardens for housing estates, factories, community centers, schools, recreation grounds, etc.: Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, Aalborg, and Copenhagen June 13-27.

Scandinavian Libraries - Public library systems of Denmark and Sweden. Library design, equipment and function. Leisure and cultural activities in the library. Visits to

libraries in towns and rural areas in Denmark and Sweden. Exchange of ideas with Scandinavian colleagues. Lectures and group work: Royal School of Librarianship, Copenhagen. June 12-20.

Scandinavian Education - Study of general elementary and secondary education in Scandinavia and leisure time activities for youth. Lectures, school visits, libraries, youth clubs, etc.: Stockholm, Oslo and Copenhagen. Aug. 12-Sept. 1.

Care of the Aged in Denmark - Operation and administration of the new Danish legislation for the care of the aged. Integration of the aged in society. Lectures, discussions and visits to institutions, etc.: Gladsaxe near Copenhagen. September 9-15.

The Importance of Small Communities - Local government, decentralization and regionalism. Advantages of small political units. The Scandinavian experience. EEC and a regional Europe: Oslo, Malmö and Copenhagen. Aug. 27-31.

Community and Morality - Human relationships in modern society. Removal of oppressive measures, family problems. Sex education in schools. New abortion laws: The Bredablik College, Holte, near Copenhagen. Aug. 24-27.

For details and separate programs for each seminar, write The Danish Institute, 2 Kulturvet, DK-1175 Copenhagen K.

Copenhagen Folk University - 4-12 week courses in Danish throughout the year. Seven levels of instruction. Cost: approximately \$5-20. Apply: Folkeuniversitetet, 9 Peder Hvitefeldts Straede, DK-1173 Copenhagen K., Denmark.

Ollerup College of Physical Education - Vacation courses in gymnastics, swimming, athletics, sports; workshops on theory as well as films and folk dancing. Cost including room and board: June 25-July 15 \$100, July 30-Aug. 6 \$70. Apply: Ollerup College of Physical Education, 5761 Ollerup, Denmark.

Gråsten are also on the itinerary which ends at Kollund, departure point for ferries to Flensburg. Price Dkr 484. For groups of 8 or more persons, departures any day in season.

Tour 3

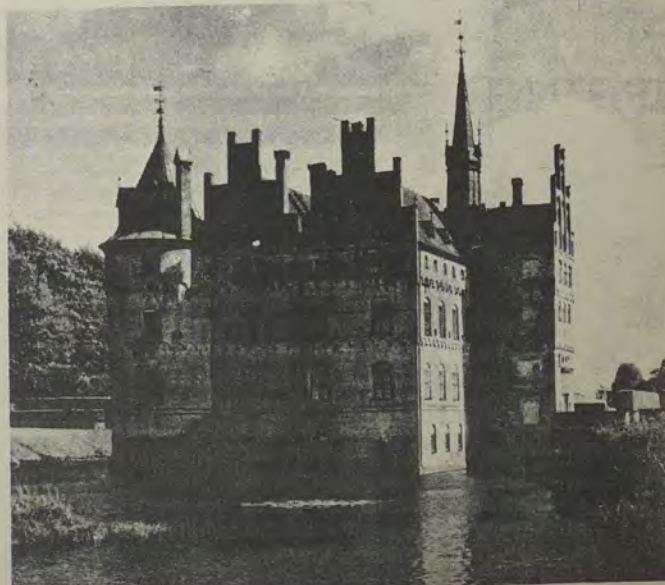
7 days, 270 kms (170 miles) passing through the middle of Jutland. From Aarhus where there is a tour of the city, the group rides to picturesque Ebeltøft with its miniature Town Hall and cobblestone streets. Then on to the glove-making town of Randers, Hobro with its unique Viking fortress, Viborg, Silkeborg. Price Dkr484. For groups of 8 persons or more, departures any day in season. Price includes rental of bicycle, accommodations at youth hostels, meals, and the services of a Danish-English-speaking guide.

Tour 4

7 days. This is an individual arrangement on the Hans Christian Andersen island of Funen. There are no fixed departures for this tour. You start on whatever day you wish in company of your own choosing. Everything is arranged for you, including route drawn on map, highlights described, meals and accommodations paid and booked in advance. From Svendborg, you ride along the beach to Fåborg, Horneland, Assens, Odense. Then on to Ørbaek, fishing village of Lundeborg and back to Svendborg with a final day ferry trip to the ginger-bread town of Aarøskøbing. Price Dkr430.

For more information, call or write:

Ungdommens Rejsebureau
Herbergs-Ringen (Youth Hostels Association)
Vesterbrogade 35
DK-1620 Copenhagen V
Tel. 01-3136612



TRAVEL

STUDY IN NORWAY

Learn The Language

For a limited number of students of Norwegian, an intensive training course is held by the Nordisk Institutt (Institute of Nordic Studies) of the University of Bergen. July 1-21. All lectures are in Norwegian and intended for reasonably advanced students attending foreign universities. The course fee is Nkr350 and estimated cost for room and board Nkr1000.

For information, contact:

Sommerkurs for utenlandske
norskstuderende
Nordisk Institutt
Postboks 23
N-5014 Bergen—Universitetet

University of Oslo International Summer School

In 1973, this famous summer school now in its 27th year will take place from June 25 to August 4, offering graduate courses in such subjects as peace research, education, physical education, economic planning and public administration, labor-management relations and industrial development, urban and re-

gional planning, medical care and public health; also general courses in Norwegian language and literature, arts and design, history, music, politics, economics and international relations. All lectures are in English. Cost of room, board and basic tuition is \$670.

For information, contact:

Oslo International Summer School
North American Admissions Office
c/o St. Olaf College
Northfield, Minnesota 55057

International Get-togethers

For those interested in international affairs and international co-operation, a vacation course will be held at Ringerike Folk High School, near Hønefoss from August 1 to 11. There are 80 places in the course. The price of US\$83 includes full board and lodging, lectures and excursions to Oslo and the mountains of southern Norway.

For information, contact:

Ringerike Folkehøyskole
Box 310
N-3501 Hønefoss

STUDY IN SWEDEN

University of Uppsala — Academic Summer Course in the Swedish Language. Two levels: intermediate and advanced. 1st three weeks of August. Participants must have studied Swedish for one or more years. Tuition, room and board about \$185.

Gothenburg University Summer Session — July 23-August 11, 1973. Courses in Swedish Language at elementary, intermediate and advanced level. (fee: about \$260); and Environmental Control (fee about \$320). The language course offers 60 hours of tuition with emphasis on direct method, pronunciation and audio comprehension. The Environmental Control course covers both theory and practice, the 3rd week being visits, outside meetings, discussions, and field work. Fees include room, board and tuition. Apply to Gothenburg University, Box 3059, S-400 10, Gothenburg.

University of Lund — Summer study program arranged in cooperation with the University of Hawaii's Hilo College, May 28-July 1, 1973. Courses in Swedish Literature and Swedish Institutions. Open to undergraduates and graduating high school seniors. All instruction in English. Credit: 3 units per course. Tuition, room and board costs \$435. Apply to: Professor Frank Nelson, Hilo College, University of Hawaii, Hilo, Hawaii 96720.

HIKING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Huge national parks in Sweden represent some of the last tracts of unspoiled nature in all of Europe. The Swedish Touring Club has marked a network of trails of about 1,400 miles by cairns and stones for hiking and skiing. It also provides some 100 mountain and Lapp huts offering simple overnight accommodations.

These huts are equipped with beds, blankets, cooking utensils, dishes, and usually fuel. There are also 11 Mountain Stations, some sporty, others large and comfortable.

One of the most popular hiking trails in Sweden is "Kungsleden" (The King's Trail). It stretches from Abisko along a dramatically scenic path, passing Kebnekaise, Sweden's highest mountain, the Stora Sjöfallet waterfall, and then on to Saltoluokta Mountain and south to Kvikkjokk.

Most people prefer package arrangements, which are available in the Lappland and Jämtland mountains.

A 7-day tour with guide, including train fare from Stockholm, costs about \$200. A similar package without guide, but with transport, costs

Universities of Gothenburg, Lund, Stockholm, Uppsala, and Umeå — Intensive courses in Swedish are arranged throughout the summer. Courses usually run from Monday to Friday and continue for 5 or 6 weeks. These courses are free and are offered on a number of levels. Dates are set on a 12 month revolving plan, summer dates being released in May.

Lund University: 4-week courses begin June 25 and July 23. Also special course including leisure activities July 23-Aug. 10. \$47.

Uppsala University: Courses May 7-June 13; June 25-July 27; July 30-August 31.

Umeå University: Courses of 120 hours tuition begin when 8 registrations are received (courses primarily for immigrants).

For information and registration, write: Kursverksamheten at any of the following addresses:

GSRS, Götabergsgatan 17, S-41134, Gothenburg.

Lund University Skomakaregatan 8, S-223 50 Lund.

Stockholm University, Grev Turegatan 9 III, S-114 46 Stockholm.

Umeå Student Reception Service, Kärhuset, Fack, S-900 06 Umeå.

University of Uppsala — Summer courses, June 18-July 27, 1973, in cooperation with California State College, Long Beach. Subjects include Modern Swedish Social Institutions, The Arts in Contemporary Scandinavia, Issues in Contemporary Europe. The courses are taught in English and designed to be equivalent to three-semester-units of American college credit. Most participants are college students. The program fee is U.S. \$550 (tuition, room and 2 meals a day, except weekends). Contact address: Dr. George Appleton, California State College — Long Beach 6101 E. 7th Street, Long Beach, Calif. 90840.

about \$83. For further information in English about tours, packages, equipment and maps before your arrival contact:

Svenska Turistföreningen
(Swedish Touring Club)
Stureplan 2

CANOEING

Several canoe schools and canoe safaris are organized in different parts of Sweden. Some schools are suitable for beginners and there are canoe tours and safaris for those with some experience. You can also rent a canoe and make a trip on your own. Time: June-September. Costs: Between \$50 and \$75. Rental of canoe about \$5 per day.

For more information, contact:

Swedish Canoe Association
Svenska Kanotförbundet
Humlegårdsgatan 17
S-114 46 Stockholm

Nordmarkens Canoe and Tourist Centre
S-672 00 Arjäng, Sweden



The Fjord Country on Norway's west coast where fjord steamers cruise through saltwater corridors guarded by sheer mountain walls.

CAMPING

There are about 1,000 camp sites in Norway. Of these, 480 are run by the Norwegian Automobile Association (NAF) whose members pay Nkr4.50 to 7 per night while other motorists pay Nkr6-8. The Royal Automobile Club (KNA) runs about 50 sites, and there are scores of others run by private organizations, municipalities and individu-

als. (You can pitch your tent only on official camping sites in Norway. If you want to camp in private fields, you must obtain permission from the owner.)

The Norwegian Automobile Association issues an excellent booklet written in English "Camp Sites in Norway" listing all their sites in the country with descriptions of the facilities and tourist attractions in the immediate area.

CAMPING SITES

Liberal Swedish laws permit you to pitch your tent almost anywhere, as long as it is not too near a house or fenced land. It is advisable, nevertheless, to ask the owner's permission if in doubt. There are about 500 approved camping sites, both private and municipally-owned, which have satisfactory sanitation and supervision. Some camping sites even have cottages (2-4 beds) for overnight accommodations and are equipped with heating and electricity. Charge per bed about \$2.

Camping charges vary according to the standard of the site and range from \$1-2 (per car and tent or caravan). At some of the larger camping sites, a camping card is required. Issued by Sveriges Campingvårdars Riksförbund (SCR) it can be obtained at the first camping site visited. If you're planning a camping vacation, be sure to obtain the "Campingboken" (Camping Book) available at any bookshop in Sweden. It costs about \$1.50 and provides a detailed description of all approved camping sites with the key to signs in English.

RIDING CAMPS AND COURSES

Sweden offers at least 80 riding camps and courses in various parts of the country. They are very popular and you should make your booking early to be sure of a place.

For more information, contact:

Sveriges Ridlägerarrangörers
Riksförbund
Taffsnäs Gård
S-150 10 Gnesta, Sweden
Tel. (0158) 310 06

PONY-TREKKING

Escorted tours are arranged through some of the most beautiful scenery in the Norwegian mountains. Riding experience is not necessary. Eight-day tours cost Nkr710 approximately and include accommodations with three meals per day. For information, contact Norwegian Youth Hostels Association.

WHERE TO STAY

Youth Hostels.

As in other Scandinavian countries, there is no age limit in Norwegian Youth Hostels—Ungdomsherberger—which are conveniently located throughout this mountainous country from Mandal in the south to Honningsvåg in the north.

The 160 hostels do not pretend to be luxury hotels but are simple, cozy and practical establishments offering over 7,000 beds to travelers at the lowest possible prices. In 1973, overnight charges at the majority of these hostels amounts to Nkr8-10. At about 30 of them, the price is Nkr11. At Birkebeiner's in Lillehammer the price is Nkr12., and the top prices are Nkr20 (including breakfast) at Trondheim and Nkr23 at Haraldshjem Hostel in Oslo and Montana in Bergen.

Sheet sleeping bags are required and should be taken along. If not, they can be rented at most youth hostels for Nkr4 for three nights.

Inexpensive Meals

At Most Hostels

Meals are available at the majority of hostels and, if not, the warden will recommend a suitable eating place close by. Meal prices for 1973 are approximately as follows (including tax). Breakfast Nkr9, lunch or dinner Nkr11, cold table Nkr9, packed lunch Nkr7, packed lunch with thermos of tea or coffee Nkr9. (Please note that the Norwegian breakfast ranks as the world's largest! It is a huge table from which you serve yourself and it includes eggs, salad, fish, cheese, bread, biscuits, coffee, tea, milk, juice, etc. Moreover, you can return for additional helpings as many times as you like!). A large number of hostels also have members' kitchens where you can cook your own food for as little as 50 øre per meal.

NUH Sponsors Variety Of Vacations

The Norwegian Youth Hostel Travel Department offers a wide range of summer and winter package holidays for young people that includes accommodations at youth hostels. To give you some idea of the types of vacations offered, we list a few of them here.

Summer

For Nkr565, the Balestrand International Youth Center in the heart of Sognefjord country offers a 12-day stay in a 4-bed room, with hot and cold running water and a balcony with a view of the fjord. Angling, bathing, mountain hikes and mountaineering, with motor and row boats available for rent. Evening parties, dancing, lectures and folklore.

And for those who prefer to move around, there are tours like the "Valleys, Fjords and Mountains" which lasts 11 days and costs Nkr840, and the "Mountains and Fjords" trip of eight days' duration costing Nkr850. These prices include accommodations in a four-bed room, three meals a day, all transport (tourist class), transfers

and sightseeing with an experienced English-speaking guide.

Winter

Sporting holidays for young people during the winter are offered by The Norwegian Youth Hostel Association at 14 hostels. Full pension prices vary from Nkr32 per day in the off-season in January to Nkr45 at Christmas and Easter, but are generally about Nkr40 per day in season.

For information, contact:

Norwegian Youth Hostel Association
(N. U. H.)
School and Youth Travel Service
Dronningens gate 26, Oslo 1
Tel. 331192

Magic Theatre

(Con't.)

Ordung (Cont.)

of. The shapes beneath the balls of my feet are coffins or skulls that I trample and crush, leaving tracks as rambling as my spine. What is it, that we know by its sound but Sarge's whistle, so piercing that it melts his own ice badge, leaving a wet star on his shirt, blue on blue like a sopor? What I do not see, I cannot know by its sound, after all, don't they say that I bay like a dog on nights like tonight when I reach my room unseen?

It's the river that's really made this place. The streets crown ridges that recede from the riverbanks like echoes that pulse after the scream. It is long to cross the city on foot, by bridges, streets, and new expressways. The railroad tracks along the river show the shortest way, so I, Ordung, when winter arrives, cross the city by the icy way. Walking down the river on a Wednesday afternoon, going to the Welfare office for course peanut butter and a Municipal cash voucher to pay for my room. I step off land by habit under the Second Avenue bridge where I pause to hear my steps, breaths, and falls come back from the island bank. Flat on my ass, I sing *Tantum Ergo Sanctimeum*, with a choir of echoes and pigeons. Above my head it dangles, a cat corpse noosed in electric cord, wound on the girders, blue tongue stuck between two front teeth, maggots from ears and asshole.

Tantum Ergo Sanctimeum
Make the ice safe for men to walk.

All is ice,
Lasts but a season,
Why tread then upon concrete.
It will crack too,
In enough time
And swallow either
Me or you.

I hook my cane around the cat's tail, haul myself up as I'd pull down a kite. The corpse supports my weight, may the ice support as well, to say nothing of the Welfare if I ever get there.

It's to such a point now that I'm afraid to go out. I have the feeling that anything I do and everything I say comes under the closest scrutiny by those around me. Can't I say anything? Aahh, its disgusting. Really, what is there to say? It is all a matter of words and are they of such importance?

Last week I went downtown for a walk and I tried to get into a conversation with a woman who I use to know quite well. It was awful. I couldn't say anything that I wanted to say. Oh, the banalities. I indeed felt the passage of time. So much time had passed since I had last talked to her that I didn't have much to say. Time had worn down our in-common points but for the sake of appearance, we talked anyway. Remember this, remember

that. Isn't it such a lovely day. How are things going? There are so many words. How do I know how things are going? If I assumed that perspective, I'd be in poor shape indeed. Appearances. I'm starting to lose my faith in them. (Did I ever have any faith in them?) Well, finally I cut it short, said good-bye to her and trundled on my way.

I've been quiet for so long now that I can no longer talk to people I've known and I find it hard to talk to new people. What difference does it make anyway? When I feel the need to talk, I just yell at anyone handy and make the most of it. Granted, my conversations aren't appreciated, but what can I do? The hell with the lot of them. If they can't take a joke its no one's fault but their own. I'll revel in my silence and let them say what they will. I'll go around as a deaf mute. A speaker incognito.

This room, my room, keeps me safely behind its walls. As long as I stay here I have nothing to fear, it's when I go out. I don't go out now so I should say for accuracy that my troubles started when I used to go out. They're convinced that I caused trouble. They're the ones who caused the trouble and it all began when the Sergeant pounded on my door that night. I can recall it clearly. The shouting, the flashlight in the face, the questions, the handcuffs. I kept asking them what I did but they wouldn't tell me. They just brought me to the station and locked me up. They didn't tell me a thing until the next morning. A whole night in that dirty cell. Nothing but a flat board for a bed and on top of that I had to ask them for blankets.

When the Sergeant finally woke me I was unprepared for what was to follow. They quickly transported me to the magistrate and what a fine list of charges they had. Obstructing justice in my neighborhood, disturbances of the peace in a theater, cruelty to animals, obscenity, et al. I best stay here as I do, where at least, if I don't understand things around me, it affects no one but myself. Or, like Sarge says, in here I can only hurt myself. That's one less burden for them to perform.

If I stay here they can't connect me with anything that they further object with in the city that I just so happen to find myself around. Here, I am around nothing but myself. Here, they can only connect me with me. Here, perhaps I will find ways to connect me with me, me with what they find me. Here, I will learn to know what I do. But here, what is there to do? Perhaps I can use my time to perceive what I have done but actually, what have I done?

George McFadden
Raymond Plante

Time Dance

Away, away, my restless foot,
my wandering eye, I say
away to what? Who cares?
Strings pull taut in the pit
of me and vision storms!
I rosin thought to dance the
hour, the creed, the time.
The time is new...
All time is old.
My oldness moves flamenco time
away, away...the restless foot,
the wandering eye.
Who knows? Who cares?
What needs to be,
that needs no change of height or
depth, to charge the static current
flow away? Away to dance
the what and why.

Barbara B. Matheson



One Day, Riverside

By R. F. Giraitis

THE SUN ROSE quietly at five. The grey morning light spilled over the riverbanks onto the streets and alleyways, and forced itself into the dark corners of bedrooms, barrooms, and milkstores alike. Finally, a thin fragile crown of yellow rose heavily from the sea and hoisted itself higher and higher towards the sky.

The men of Riverside slept, but their women felt the day's birth as their own, and patiently waited for the narcotic sleep to leave them. They craved security, but neither security nor jobs were abundant nowadays. Sleep offered some respite from their difficulties, but it was only temporary; when they felt their supply of security was threatened, or undermined with coercive anxieties, they fought back blindly, no holds barred.

Jobs were scarce now, after the war, and left many good men scarred with uselessness. Women worried seeing their husbands trudge home silent after searching for a job in the city. Some wives succumbed, sharing their partner's dejection, but a few young

strong girls reared up in horror at the sight of their despondency. 'You're not tired!' they would yell. 'Take anything!' Sensing the futility of argument, they kissed their women and left the next morning with renewed hope.

With the onslaught of dawn came a fresh sea breeze from the south that swept across the town of Riverside. Ten thousand fat sea gulls stretched and preened their wings, faced the wind, and let it lift them over the water and dumps in their endless search for food. Below in an alleyway, a fierce looking tom cat ran homeward, confident of his breakfast. During the night he had entertained the females, fought over them, and seduced them one by one, and now he was hungry. Dried black blood spouted his left ear; the orange tufted fur was patchy around the back of his head, leaving the pink skin exposed and raw. He paced silently with quick, proud steps and ignored the taunting blackbirds in the lilac bushes. He would tend to them later.

Reaching his destination, the tom cat yowled mournfully for attention beneath a weathered

clapboard window. Jennifer was making breakfast when she heard the cat but left her morning tea to let him in. "Tommy!" she cried. "Are you home for breakfast or are you staying to keep me company for the day?" The cat purred loudly and arched his back against her leg. She noticed his battle scars. "So! Fighting again?" she scolded. "That'll teach you, you dirty cat!" She poured him some tea from her cup into a red porcelain saucer, added more milk, and watched him drink. When he finished, Jennifer stepped lightly into the bedroom and opened the shades wide, bathing the walls with intense white light and waking her boyfriend, Al.

"Honey? Al? C'mon, get up! The appointment is at eight and the manager doesn't like waiting." Al shrugged and clutched the sheet tighter around his head. At this, Jennifer sharply pinched his thigh. "Ow!" He grabbed her hand but she wrenched herself free and ran to the bathroom. She walked back carrying a glass of water. "If you don't get up right this instant, you'll be sorry," she said, holding the glass near his head. Al peeked through a fold and saw the glass of water precariously close to spilling. He elbowed his nude body on an angle, made a face, and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "A man can't get enough sleep any more—" "And if he doesn't get his butt moving he won't be able to pay the rent," interrupted Jennifer, now tipping the glass. "Ok, ok!" Jeez, you're a nut in the morning..." He hopped out of bed and found his slippers and bathrobe near the radiator. Wondering about this, Al put them on, sniffed the air, and shuffled to the bathroom. "Standing inside the doorway, he turned around and said maliciously, "Say, housekeeper? What's for breakfast?" A glass of water in the face was his reply.

Shaved, showered, and combed, Al stood in front of the dresser and admired himself. He noticed his posture and sucked in his stomach but it felt uncomfortable; his breath let out a 'whoosh' as his belly slid back to normal. His hair was cropped short, a result of three years in the Navy; it showed signs of balding near the temples which secretly disturbed him. For a while he had vainly tried to cover the bare spots with toupes but the boys at the Social Club joked and effeminately called him 'My pal, Al.' He lost his temper one night and told everybody off; when he came back the next night, the hair was his and his friends were silent. It was a minor victory for the barflies. The fact that he bent under the pressure of his peers exposed his vulnerability, and this hurt him deeply. Weeks later, everything was back to normal, deeds forgotten or hidden in the minds of a few men of Riverside.

Jennifer placed his freshly ironed pants on the back of a chair and watched him dress. She noticed the hair on his stomach, hollowing up to his neck and over his chest. Her eyes traveled with his hands as they buttoned the light blue rayon shirt, tucked it in the clean pair of dungarees, and

(Con't. on next pg.)

Magic Theatre

(Con't. from Pg. 9)

One Day Riverside (Cont.)

adjusted the collar again for straightness. It was natural for her to do these things; she noticed and loved everything about her man. She thought he grew especially sexy as he dressed, ribbing him about his posture and calling him a dirty old man when he caught his zipper on a loose thread and jamming it. 'You're doing that on purpose to tease me, you pig,' she laughed. And he would say, 'So what if I am?' boasting arrogantly, turning red. But today she wouldn't tease or grab his arm, trying to trip him with his legs tangled in his trousers; she must get him out on time for the job interview.

"All set?" Jennifer asked, inspecting for loose threads and dandruff. Al snapped to military attention. "Yes, sir!" she frowned; he softened his approach. "How about a kiss for your boyfriend before he goes to work?"

"What? You don't even have the job and already you got a raise? Get out of here!" she demanded and laughing, she pushed him out the door.

That evening, the sun held greedily to the hours of twilight. The sky changed from pensive blue to yellow-orange, from orange to orange-red, then deepening to purple as the sun's rays cut the sea mist into countless tiny prisms. Sea gulls now rested in droves on great mossy boulders and squabbled nervously about, their eyes unblinking and continuously searching for remaining scraps of food. Dogs barked at cats in trees and sent the sparrows and finches off in all directions for another nesting place, while children played in the sands below tall swaying elm and willow groves. Reluctantly, the flaming disc shivered and slid beneath the horizon. Accepting its fiery medicine, the day relaxed its hold, its life ebbing after the fallen sun.

Al stood outside the drugstore, his hands in his pockets, and solemnly viewed the procession of colors as one would gaze at the rainbow bands of oil that frequently drifted with the outgoing tides; it was pretty but sad. Turning his back on the setting sun, he spat bitterly and slowly walked to his apartment. For the past twenty-three years, only broken by the short stay in the Navy, Al lived in the Maze, an area that winded and twisted its streets at every opportunity. The corners were tight and narrow, and very dangerous. Passing the familiar landmarks of his childhood, he reminisced longing for the simple happiness of his youth. He remembered where Larry Bedham flipped his car over these curves once, landing in a clump of bushes just ahead of the liquor store. All the little boys had gathered around him and marveled at his minor cuts and bruises, asking how fast he was going.

'Wow! Are those the skid marks? Lemme see your tires — Hey Jimmy, c'mere! This one's still warm!'

Daring small hands had touched and poked at the

stricken vehicle; they spun the wheels and traced the guts of exhaust pipes, brake lines, and strands of wire to their sources. They imagined what force spun the tires and made them smoke and scream, but mostly they dreamed how it would be to drive, and control its energy. Within their young child minds they innately believed that soon they too, would drive, better and faster than anyone else in the world. Their reveries were shattered as Larry chased them away. A wrecker appeared and righted the automobile; it stood on its chrome wheels once again, threatening and exiting, dead and powerful.

Larry was the anti-hero of his day. Mothers would warn children to listen, and run from the street when they heard his car approaching. Despite this, a group of little boys including Al, would hang behind the willow trees to catch a glimpse of the daredevil and his fast, terrible machine. They envied Larry and admired him for doing things their mothers feared. As they grew older, they realized there was something different missing from their first impressions: Here was a man who could say no to anybody but still keep his freedom! He didn't have to work! Here was a man who owned a fast beautiful car that could never be caught! With these thoughts the children felt guilty, squirming their toes in the dirt and looking at one another with secret glances. Not yet! warned the voice among them. They were, for the time at least, little boys who lived under their parent's protection.

Al remembered, shaking his head sadly, and continued his walk home in the dark.

He reached his apartment and entered, passing beer bottles and stacked wrinkled newspapers in the hallway of the old frame house. He drew a key from his wallet and inserted it into his door. The lock snapped and clicked as its thick brass tongue withdrew into the casing, freeing the door to open. One quick glance told that Jennifer wasn't in, although her presence continued to permeate the air. Her plants sat in corners yearning for light; an easel gripped a half finished still-life of the very same flowers; paint brushes and charcoal sticks were strewn about, and cigarette butts lined an ashtray near the north light window. She had transformed the three room apartment into a miniature studio, efficient in design but still retaining a domestic atmosphere. She probably went for a walk, he thought, still smelling the tobacco smoke. He walked over to the over-stuffed couch and sat, thinking, waiting. Outside, a train whistle blew a warning of its oncoming to the oil refineries that dotted the coast of Riverside, and a baby cried an aria to the young night. His leaden eyelids burned and his mind slowed.

He awoke in time to catch Jennifer undressing in the light of a candle that shone from her bedside table.

"You weren't going to wake me, were you?" Al asked. His gaze fell on her soft naked breasts as he waited for an answer. He watched her slip her underwear off and crawl between the sheets of the bed.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, now standing next to her. She rolled over slowly and arched her back, smoothing out the wrinkles of the bedsheet; she stared coldly at Al as he undressed. His distorted shadow reflected on the ceiling, flickering with the dancing candlelight. When he lay down beside her, she spoke.

"Did you get the job?"

"No," he said quickly. Stretching across the width of the bed, she blew out the cinnamon candle and turned on the small FM radio. After four years of continuous play, it lost some of its volume but as her tastes changed to softer music it was seldom missed. Tonight, to ease her disappointment, it would talk to her and sing to her, muffling her sobs, keeping her company. Al crossed his arms and watched the Ponham Lighthouse beacon alternately wash the little room with yellow light. His chest burned and smoldered with the scent of wax, salt water, and sweat.

The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music

Paul Beaver and
Bernard I. Krause
Nonesuch HC-73018

Two Albums

This is an album intended for people who don't understand, don't know much about, probably have pre-conceived notions, but would like to know at least something about electronic music. In itself, it is not an album of electronic music, but rather an instructional device, that, coupled with an interesting sixteen page booklet, proceeds to demonstrate and explain the various techniques employed by the twentieth century electronic musicians.

Being in the category described at the beginning, I found myself scarcely entertained but rather, instructed. I found that electronic music is more complex than simple random selection of electrical impulses, but rather, is a very complicated system of composition.

The Nonesuch Guide is a worthwhile purchase at less than \$5. It is especially worthwhile if you wish to open your mind to this kind of music.

Baroque Masterpieces for Trumpet and Organ

Edward Tarr, Trumpet.
George Kent, Organ
Nonesuch H-71279

This new release from Nonesuch features virtuoso performances, as the title implies, by the Baroque masters. The album has Edward Tarr, one of the world's best-known trumpet soloists, and George Kent on Organ. Mr. Kent is especially well known in Rhode Island as the assistant conductor of the Rhode Island Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Francis Madeira, as the conductor and director of the Community Chorus of Westerly (who,



recently performed with the R.I. Philharmonic in Gustav Mahler's Second "Resurrection" Symphony) and as a professor of music at the University of Rhode Island.

The album alternates between works featuring the talents of these two men. For instance, side two beings with Johann Christoph Pezel's Sonata in C for Trumpet, Bassoon and Continuo, with solo segments shared by Mr. Tarr and Helmut Bocker on Bassoon. The second selection is Henry Purcell's "Voluntary for Organ," and Mr. Kent's turn to demonstrate his ability. The third selection on this side is John Stanley's "A Suite of Trumpet Voluntaries in D," with extended solos by Mr. Tarr.

Side One contains trumpet voluntaries by Maurice Greene and William Boyce, a sonata for trumpet, bassoon and continuo by Prentzl and variations on "Wachet Auf" (Bach's Cantata No. 140) by his prize student Johann Ludwig Krebs.

The items were well chosen and wherever possible, were scored from the original sources and played on the original instruments. Mr. Tarr notes that much of the trumpet and organ music combinations of the period were lost and that many performers have taken to transcribing works intended for other instruments for trumpet and organ. He noted that the original text and arrangements were adhered to wherever possible.

As a final note, the quality of the performing was quite high and contributed greatly to the interest of the recording. This Nonesuch recording is available usually for less than \$3.

Timepiece

by Janet Rothbart

Raymonds lay flatly in bed, and one could scarcely distinguish between the white sterility of the bedcovers and the waxen white of his emaciated cheeks. His eyesight was too feeble for him to be able to see anything more than shadows by now, but his ears were sharpened to a remarkable degree, as though he was aided by some force other than that which was natural, hearing as acutely as if part of him were attuned to some outside source of energy.

He appeared to be already oblivious to the world, but in actuality, he was living fiercely. He listened, to the silence of the day, to the sifting of the hours, with his whole strength concentrated into his ears; that had become his sole fascination now, and he refused to be disturbed by anyone. His bedside table was bare and dusty, with the exception of a small ancient clock of German make whose ticking was almost silent; but Raymonds could hear it well enough, and he counted its seconds feverishly, like a miser who had hoarded for too long and now spent all heedlessly, gorging upon each last moment until it was entirely gone: he would leave the world triumphantly, with nothing. His one admittance to the outside world was the existence of his sister, whom he demanded keep the clock wound until the moment of his death, so he might hear it every moment, both when awake and when sleeping. If he awoke during the night it would reassure him, for it was still ticking, smoothly and quietly, unnoticeable, like water droplets falling, constant.

(Con't. on Pg. 11)

the doctor's bag

by Arnold Werner M.D.



Copyright, 1973

Address letters to Dr. Arnold Werner, Box 974, East Lansing, Mi. 48823

Question: Is a feminine deodorant spray dangerous when used by a woman engaging in oral sex? Having the safety of my partners in mind, I thought I would drop you this note.

Answer: Modern technology has improved our lives in many ways. However, aside from antibiotics and contraceptives, our genitals have not benefited that much from the mechanical and chemical contrivances that have recently been marketed. Some devices such as vibrating dildoes are relatively harmless, whereas other mechanical devices, including some penis expanders, seem as if they have been devised by a berserk and diabolical Rube Goldberg.

Feminine deodorant sprays are a misapplication of the idea of living better through chemistry. Superficial similarities between the armpit and the crotch have apparently led to treating them in the same fashion, which is a pity. The application of deodorant sprays to the sensitive tissues of the external genitalia and the vaginal area can lead to irritation and infection. I have no idea what they do to oral tissues, through the mouth seems to be much heartier than the vagina.

In the absence of a vaginal discharge, genital cleanliness is best handled by soap and water applied externally. If there is a vaginal discharge, this could be specifically treated according to what is causing the discharge. The vast majority of vaginas stay remarkably clean with relatively little attention. Another form of chemical assault is the use of harsh douches. Douching is rarely indicated except for the treatment of infections, although it may be helpful in preventing discharges associated with the birth control pill. A perfectly fine douche for general use is made of one tablespoon of household vinegar in a pint of warm water.

Question: My father and I are very hairy. The hair is heavy and black. Every morning I try to get a close shave, but by evening the beard is well grown. I also

made the mistake of shaving the hair on my chest, and now I can't stand to let it grow back. I absolutely don't want to grow a beard. I would be very happy if this heavy hair could be somehow reduced to light hair by a change in my chemical balance.

Answer: Reviewing the whole bunch of letters that I have received over the last few years from men concerned about the amount of their facial and body hair, I find that yours is in the minority. Overwhelmingly, the men who complain about these matters are looking for more hair, not less. As you indicate, your great natural resource appears to be genetic. In no way could the situation you describe be considered abnormal. Juggling chemicals to decrease the amount of body hair a man is endowed with sounds neat, but would also result in shriveling of your testes, decreased sexual drive and a high pitched voice. Your less hairy chest might also be graced by small breasts.

Speaking about your chest, you really did it when you shaved the hair off! One of the complaints that patients have following surgery is the tremendous itching waiting for body hair to grow back in. It passes in a couple of weeks once the hair gets long enough to lie down flat against the skin rather than stand up straight and be tickled. Men are sometimes told that struggling with something difficult "puts hair on your chest," it looks as if you have a chance to deal with the converse.

Your dislike of beards is unfortunate and I don't understand it. You could be saving yourself about two days a year shaving time if you had a beard. Your only choice appears to be to carry an electric razor with you and shave once during the day if it's that crucial that you are clean shaven.

Question: My fiancé has been having sexual intercourse with a number of nameless women. This is not a sob story, but a desire for some facts.

Is it possible for a healthy man to have intercourse with what appears to be a healthy woman and become the transmitter of venereal disease subsequently? If so, what types of diseases could be transferred unknowingly? And, what is the probability of such an occurrence? Can a man be an unaffected and unknowing carrier of VD?

Answer: Not only is it possible for VD to be transmitted by two apparently healthy people, but probably most people have no idea that they are infected at the time they transmit VD. Apparent anatomic considerations make it more likely for the woman to be a carrier of hidden venereal disease than the man. A painless sore that is characteristic of syphilis could be well hidden on a woman and an undramatic vaginal discharge can actually be a symptom of

gonorrhea. In the man, the sore of syphilis on a penis is usually immediately recognized and a gonorrhea infection produces excruciatingly painful burning on urination. In the time period before symptoms become obvious, the man can certainly infect other women.

The probability of contracting venereal disease is entirely dependent upon who the women are that he is having intercourse with, or rather, who the men were that the women had intercourse with before they had intercourse with him. From your description, your fiancé's judgment is already suspect so I would not be optimistic about his choices of sexual partners.

This brings me to what is clearly the most difficult part of your letter. You and your fiancé appear to have a number of major issues to get settled before you get married. Venereal disease is rather easily treated with antibiotics once it is diagnosed, but a marriage threatened by such outside infections does not lend itself to nearly so simple a remedy.

Question: A current trend on campus is to crush a downer and smoke it mixed with marijuana. We were wondering if the burning of the drug would have any harmful effects on us.

Answer: Any exalted high achieved with the technique you describe is probably as much related to reality as smoking banana peels was several years ago. On the other hand, there is always the possibility that toxic materials could be inhaled with the smoke and cause considerable pulmonary irritation. Aside from the use of marijuana and alcohol, other substances people are using to alter mood are potentially very dangerous. In addition, getting zonked on downers defies rational explanation. Not only is it on the dangerous side, but it sounds like a colossal waste of time.

Question: Is the accidental ingesting of contraceptive foam hazardous to my health?

Answer: My temptation to reply by simply stating that it would be an effective means of preventing oral pregnancies, was counteracted by a strong suspicion that a lot of people would think I was serious. Contraceptive foams are relatively simple chemicals and would not be harmful to you if they are ingested in small amounts. I cannot testify about their taste.

Question: Is it true that the clitoris may be located in places on the body other than between the labia at the top of the vaginal opening?

Answer: The possibility of the clitoris appearing in a place other than where it is usually found is no greater than the likelihood of having a uvula in your armpit or a big toe in the middle of your

Magic Theatre (Timepiece)

(Con't. from Pg. 10)

His younger sister opened his door, disturbing the tomb's quiet of the room. Her footsteps sounded, the rustling and creaking of her passing life a roar of noise in his ears. He ignored her, keeping his eyes shut, still trying to capture the silence beyond her, denying her presence. His lids were closed, closed like the cover on a box taped shut, turned inward, rebelling against the yellow light from the hall seeping into his room through the crack in the door, resisting the cool air invading his musty dim privacy, the privacy of an old man.

"Harry?" she called uncertainly. "Are you awake?" She stood there blinking in the twilight with a cup of steaming tea in her hand. The room, as usual, was stuffy and dusty smelling, and the saucer was getting uncomfortably hot. She really had wanted to ask, "Are you still alive?" but felt somehow it was the wrong thing to say. Harry forced his eyes farther shut, multiplying the wrinkles on his face until in the darkness of his room, she felt as if she was looking at the dusty shredded sacraments of a mummy. She decided to come in anyway.

"Well, Harry," she said brightly, with a smile in her voice, "I have some nice tea for you. It's a little hot yet to drink, but if you wait a while, I'm sure it'll be just the thing to

"Please!" sighed Harry softly. "Shut up!" It was not so much of a command as it was a plea. He turned his head away, straining to hear the sound of the clock ticking, through her voice, so loud and harsh in comparison. But there it was still, so softly, so steadily, whispering beneath the noise of her living. There, the fast sure ticking of the clock clicked reassuringly in an echo of his breath's seconds, and the slower faltering echo of his heartbeat.

There; it would continue as he himself would continue, but the last beat, it might come any second. The clock had not been wound since yesterday (for no one must touch it but himself, no matter how great his pain,) and he listened for it now, voraciously. Her voice drowned out the delicate sounds coarsely, and he winced, hearing her rude rustlings and clumsy footsteps intruding into the perfect clean silence of his room.

His sister sniffed, annoyed. "Really, Harry," she said, "One would think you really don't want to live anymore. Your room is so quiet it deafens me. It's as though you believe you are already in the grave."

Oh, yes, thought Raymonds, almost sighing out loud, what blissful insulation from such forcible gross realities as my sister. "Oh sister," he gasped,

forehead. Fantasies of pornographic film producers aside, the anatomy of human beings is generally well standardized.

"Be deaf then! You come crashing into my room without so much as a warning beforehand for an old man's privacy, and you grate on my ears!" He paused, his heart contracting in his chest for a moment in a gush of pain. He had almost lost track of the sound of his clock for a moment—but no, there it was, right next to him, tapping the rhythmic sounds cheerfully. He was remorseful, suddenly for his harsh words. "Please, then," he said, "leave me in peace, just for a little while—I am too tired, too tired." He shut his eyes, again tightly sealing the windows behind. The tea cup rattled once on the table, and he heard his sister swish softly to the door, the latch click sharply as she left.

The days passed slowly for Raymonds. His sister would come in daily and bring him some medicine, and once or twice the doctor would appear to poke him and listen to his heart and prescribe more pills. Once, the doctor left the door ajar when he went outside to talk to his sister about his condition.

He could almost imagine the doctor shaking his head in perplexity. "I don't know," he said in a low, surprised voice, "what's keeping that man alive. He should have been dead last week, in his condition, if you want to know the truth. I don't know how he just keeps hanging on. His heart must be stronger than you thought it was. You'd better take care of all the legal arrangements, though, if you haven't already—I frankly wouldn't give him too much longer now."

Then he could hear his sister mumble something, soft and uneven, indistinct as though she was in tears. Then they left him alone and shut the door hurriedly as he called out for silence. He almost wanted to laugh; they hadn't known he could hear them so well. They seemed to forget so easily how acute his ears had become.

And every day, he would call for his sister to bring the clock to him to wind, and even if he could only turn it a few times, it would run, softly, and he could hear its ticking by his bedside. But he became progressively weaker and weaker; and as his strength drained, it became harder and harder to turn the key of the clock many times. More and more he would start suddenly out of a sleep, feeling he had missed the sound of the clock for too long, startled into wakefulness. He begrudged himself his sleep, gradually spending more and more of his time listening, straining for the only sound of movement in his room; and it ticked on steadily, with a seemingly eternal regularity, for now he kept even his breathing at a minimum, controlled and soft so he could better hear the fragile pulse of the old clock, beating in time with his own feeble throb in his temples.

Finally, the day came that he was too weak to even take the clock from the hands of his sister, or even with her assistance, to wind it, and one day he did not wind the clock at all. It still continued, however; incredibly, it went on and on, past the time when it long since should have fallen silent, steadily, persisting through the

(Con't. on Pg. 15)

Scholarship Fund Established

Rhode Island College this month was the recipient of a \$500 donation to establish a scholarship fund. The donors of the fund are Bertha Christina Andrews Emin of the class of 1912 of Smithfield and her daughter Colette Ursula Emin Powers of the class of 1942 of Norton, Massachusetts. It is the second scholarship fund contributed to RIC by members of the Emin family which counts ten members among the college's alumni.

In a statement released by the Emin family the donors of the \$500 fund declared: "June 1973 is to be remembered as the multiple commencement year in the Emin family. Rhode Island College will graduate three more granddaughters of Bertha C. Andrews Emin and the late Leander F. Emin.

These new graduates will become the seventh, eighth and ninth member of the Emin family to have been received into the Rhode Island College Alumni Association. The tenth member of the family, through marriage to one of the granddaughters, will also become an alumnus.

We wish to commemorate this occasion by establishing a second endowed prize at Rhode Island College to be known as the Bertha Christina Andrews Emin Endowed Prize Fund for outstanding achievement.

This gift of five hundred dollars should provide an annual income which can be awarded each year to an outstanding female member of the graduating class.

The annual selection of the recipient and the presentation of the award is to be the responsibility of the RIC

Alumni Association in conjunction with the requirements as stipulated by the Rhode Island College Foundation."

Last year the Emin family contributed a similar amount to establish a scholarship for the resident of Smithfield in each graduating class who has attained the best record at RIC.

The other members of the Emin family who have become alumni of RIC are: Maureen Dale Thornton Ingegneri, class of 1973, Mazine Lee Thornton Paquette, class of 1973, Gerard Patrick Paquette, class of 1973, Lynette Denise Blackmore, class of 1973, Paula Marie Blackmore, class of 1972, Elodie Marie Emin Blackmore, class of 1949, Kathleen Louise Emin Thornton, class of 1945, and Bertha Madonna Emin Mott, class of 1938.



The Process

MAKE-UP SCHIZOPHRENIA? Noted New York make-up artist Bob Kelly demonstrates his technique at a workshop on make-up held recently at Rhode Island College by the Speech/Theatre Department as part of RIC's Spring Arts Festival. Hall of Candace Casala's face is made up to appear aged and half is left natural to illustrate the effectiveness of make-up techniques.



The Result

Summer Jobs Available in Europe Now.

Any student applying soon can get a summer job in Europe for July, August and September. Jobs are available in the following countries listed in an order combining; availability and number of jobs; time required to process permits and other papers; required qualifications; and social and other factors. 1) Austria, 2) Switzerland, 3) Germany, 4) France.

Paying jobs now open include all kinds of summer resort, hotel, tavern, and restaurant work. Standard wages are paid, and room and board are provided free and arranged in advance.

Volunteer work is also available in Germany, Spain and France but volunteer work offers only free room and board with no wages.

Work permits, health insurance, and a 5-day orientation period are provided in Europe to insure that you get off to your job at the right time with the right information and correct papers, after learning what to expect in Europe. All other instructions, information and details are exchanged by mail through the SOS Luxembourg Student Organization while you are still at school or at home.



EYES RIGHT! (That's where the food is). Two puppies outside Rhode Island College's Donovan Dining Center watch for the return of their mistresses who promised them some tidbits from lunch.

Seeks Correction of Mistaken Impressions

To the editors:

This year I have enjoyed the *Anchor* very much. Most of the issues were informative and maybe even good reading.

'Free access to ideas and full freedom of expression' — This one line does not indicate ANYTHING about the responsibility involved if *The Anchor* is to continue being a high quality paper. I am referring to the article on the "Dame" (it's Dane) Farm. I can put up with adjectives out of the thesauruslike idyllic, but

I can't put up with errors of reporting the facts.

1) It was not a practicum group, but a concepts group and Doctor Adams' General Studies group.

2) I doubt Mrs. Wright would appreciate the Ms.

3) Most importantly, Dr. Adams didn't say any of the statements as indicated by the *Anchor*.

4) The state does not own the farm; it is owned by the R.I. Historical Society.

5) Our trip was by no means the first — unless colleges are the only type of "established educational institutions."

Responsibility in publication is probably the first lesson one reporter (who was nameless) could have learned.

Thank You, *Anchor*
Michael James Splaine (1976)
General Studies 153.3

Canadian Myths

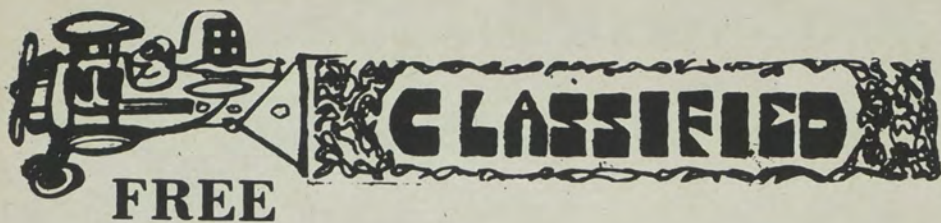
(Cont. from Pg. 15)

nothing. Which says a lot about the taste of the beer that is subjected to this treatment.

In the face of such nationalistic prejudice, I put Canadian beer to the acid test: a chugging contest. I participated in two consecutive heats (consecutive, because of a timing error in the first heat) of a round-table chugging contest, and walked away unscathed. So I'm entitled to put down these nasty foreign assertions as unmitigated balderdash. But my research hasn't ended, and I shall be keeping track of the comparative quality of these vital national fluids.

There are other myths about Canada that I've run into, but they're more general and hard to pin down as being well-founded or not.

I can't say that living in Canada has rid me of all my mythical beliefs about the country. Reality has altered many of them, but there are still some things in Canada that are hard to imagine without having recourse to the mythical mode of thought.



Classified Customers - Note

We would rather not run your ad indefinitely, so when you get a buyer or seller, or whatever it is you've advertised for, please let us know so that we can discontinue. Also, ads that have run a long time will be

dropped unless the advertiser notifies us to renew the ad. In addition, if your classified note is a personal message, or something that is a one-time shot or short-term affair, let us know when to stop running it.

Anyone w/experience interested in hiking the Appal. Tr., July 29-Aug. 12, contact Earl Perkins, equip. rm., Walsh gym.

SEEKS CORRESPONDENTS: a technical translator/interpreter (German, Spanish, French) and research chemist; would enjoy corresponding with college students. Sidney Simon, 16 Ospringe Road, London NW 5, England.

WANTED: 3 bedroom apt. for Sept. under \$150. Call Ext. 366, Deb, Suite D. Leave message.

FOR SALE: Girl's 3-speed, Raleigh-Triumph bike. \$50. Bought last August. In good shape. Contact Pat in Browne Hall, Room Ground-9 or call 831-9346.

RECLINER, gold vinyl. Excellent condition. \$35. Call 353-3085.

PAINTING inside and outside this summer? Regal results at peerless prices. Call Chuck Woodworth, 789-4061.

LOOKING to share an apt. for summer months. Contact Maryann at 831-9427.

WANTED: 35 mm. SLR camera body. Must be C Mount Pentax type. 231-4469.

WANTED FOR RENT: garage or parking for 1 car, near Smith and River. Call 331-9055 after 6 p.m.

FOR SALE: '68 Toyota Corona, 4-dr. automatic. \$800. Call 739-2262 after 5 p.m.

WANTED: 2 girls needed to share apt. on East Side from June, call 751-1562 or 863-4542.

FOR SALE: Wurlitzer electronic organ. Call 737-6863 evenings.

ACE DRIVING school lowest rates, certified instructors. Call 433-0060.

WANTED: 1-2 bedroom apt. near RIC for Sept. \$70-100 a month. Any info, call Norma 722-2047.

WANTED: Apt. for Sept. \$70-100, near RIC. Call Connie, 231-4287.

FOR SALE: Kowa VI 2-1/4 camera with 80 mm. and 55 mm. lens, three filters, hand grip. Call Mary, 751-3406.

FOR SALE: MG Midget '71. AM-FM radio, white with black interior. Best offer. Call 231-7728.

MUST SELL: Two airplane remote controls, Kraft \$125.00; Man's 10-speed bike, Schwinn, \$75.00. 724-2281.

GUITAR LESSONS. Contact Al, 751-2386.

KEYBOARD player wanted by experienced musicians. Call Dave at 521-2073.

FOR SALE: 4 altec lancing bass reflect cabinets with wheels. Les at 861-3548 evenings.

WE DO IT: anything from remodeling to landscaping. Call 437-0925 for more info.

WANTED: Autoharp 15-21 chord. Must be in good condition. Call Patrice, 246-0083.

WANTED: 1-2 more girls to share \$80 apt. off Manton Ave. for summer. Contact Pam. Suite C, Weber, ext. 366.

WANTED: Apt. for summer. Fairly cheap. Willing to sub-lease. See Maryann, 831-9427.

HAVE YOUR house painted by college students at a price you can afford. 272-4594. Free estimate.

WANTED: Wicker furniture for spare room. Contact Sharon, 351-8232 or ext. 234.

FOR SALE: Lens acc. 49 mm/-polarizer \$5. Hoya closeup set \$5 RZ5A and YKZ filters \$2 each. 231-4469.

FOR SALE: Two man waterproof tent. Reasonable price. Call Sandy at 726-3560.

FOR SALE: Zenith record player and stand. Great value at \$25. In good shape. Contact Pat, Browne Hall, ground floor, or call 831-9346.

FOR SALE: Tennis racket, new but the wrong size. \$10. Ask for Leslie Thomas, 831-9761.

FOR SALE: '68 Chevelle, auto. steering, 4 new tires, low mileage, 438-4734.

WANTED: RIDE — area Warwick/Park Ave. — Cranston Hosp. Call Ruth Stone 461-5604. At work (7-3 at Children's Center or Mt. Pleasant) 831-6700, ext. 235.

FOR SALE: Sony stereo tape recorder, heat function A-shape, reg. \$330, now \$175, 231-6104.

CAMERA SALE, minolta SRT 101 w/1.4 lens plus other lens. Mike Lorenz, 438-0209.

WANTED: Preferably tall (however, not a must), left-handed, full-time RIC students, male or female, for the '73-'74 fencing team. Contact Rosi at 521-2294.

FOR SALE: '71 Lemans sport. New tires, excellent condition. Call 272-8467.

SUMMER SUBLET: 2 bedrm, 1st fl., near Brown, furnished. \$180 mo. incl. utilities. 272-4324.

HELL—O—MUTTA, Hell-O Fatta. Here I am at Camp Granada.

AMERICAN FOR SALE. '67. 6 tires, 5 good. radio, heat, dents. \$125. 724-1618. Ask for Tim or anybody.

FOR SALE: '68 MGB. excellent condition, green, two tops. 728-3203.

BOAT RIDE, all the beer you can drink. Dancing. June 6th. Tickets now on sale, S.U. bridge, \$5.

buck off!

SUNDAY THRU THURSDAY
For Each Adult Member of Your Party

ALL THE SALAD YOU CAN MAKE

plus
A BONELESS SIRLOIN STEAK

WITH THIS AD \$2.95

On Cash Purchases Regular Price \$3.95

plus
PITCHER OF BEER 25c
OR
GOBLET OF WINE 25c

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WHAT DO YOU WEAR? ANYTHING!

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FREE CLASSIFIEDS

FREE CLASSIFIED. The classifieds may be used by the RIC Community to sell anything, (meal tickets, books, yourself,) they may be used to extend a greeting:

Candace, You Didn't . . .

Classifieds can be used to find roommates, friends, opportunities, and many, many other things. As we said before, classifieds are free. However, we will set a limit of ninety spaces.

For free classifieds, please fill out the form below:

PLEASE PRINT. "X" OUT THE SPACES BETWEEN WORDS.
RETURN THIS FORM TO: THE ANCHOR, 3rd floor, RIC Student Union, 600 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Providence.

WANTED: Senior to attend a banquet Tues. June 5th at Ramada Inn. Whole week for \$7.50.

SENIOR WEEK. Don't miss it. Tickets now on sale on S.U. Bridge. Limited supply. \$7.50 each.

FOR SALE: Panasonic AM-FM stereo cassette, Garrad turntable, 4 speakers, \$250. 463-9164.

WANTED: Seniors to attend senior week activities. June 5-7. Package deal, \$7.50.

Please write

your ad legibly

and tell us

when to

cancel!

With Our Friendly Neighbors to the North - III

Some Canadian Myths

by Steve Laroque

One of the curious things about the traveller (as opposed to the tourist) is that he often thinks about the last place he's been rather than the place where he is. My seven months in Canada put me in this traveller's frame of mind. I was constantly aware of my American citizenship and my Rhode Island origins, and I knew that I was projecting these things in every situation I encountered.

Now that I'm back, I'm putting Canada into perspective, thinking about the Canadian experience. Most interesting of all, I'm discovering some things about the way Americans think of Canadians.

It's accurate, I think, to say that Americans have developed myths about the neighbor to the North. I don't mean to use "myth" in the common, pejorative sense that it has often acquired. Alan Watts has written about myth as a way of thinking in concrete images, steering a middle course between abstract reasoning and tangible facts. I think that's a good description of our myths about Canada. Some myths have elements of truth in them; some are fantasy; most allow us to express a philosophy about the facts that surround our existence, and are valuable for this very reason.

On Developing Ignorance

We think in mythical terms when we think of Canada because we really know little about the country. I was reminded many times by Canadians that, although they know a considerable lot of American history, geography, and politics, we are almost unanimously ignorant about their version of these subjects. For example, do you know, offhand, who Dave Barrett or Jerome Choquette is, or which party is in power in British Columbia? These are the simplest of Canadian political questions, but the American who knows the answers will be rare indeed.

Our ignorance is not usually dispelled by our visits to Canada, since they are too short and uninvolved. Traveling to St. John's or Quebec City or tripping through Ontario for a week teaches you little about anything except sightseeing, which goes on in a world of its own. Getting a speeding ticket in Montreal or Toronto, on the other hand, will give you a thorough crash course in life under the Canadian system.

Well, most of us don't take plunges like that, and we come home with old myths intact, or new ones conceived. Let's take a look at some of our Canadian myths, and see how close to reality they are.

MYTH #1: Canada is "clean and green". This is the exact formulation of the myth, straight from the mouth of a Port Credit, Ontario resident, who says that he heard it from an eloquent American tourist. Apparently, we have the idea that Canada is under the perpetual care of Mr. Clean:

its cities are untouched by urban blight; its forests are vast and virgin; its people do not pollute.

The myth, as you might expect, is both true and false. It's true, because Canada doesn't have that many people (Massachusetts and New York have more than all of Canada). Only three of its cities are big by our standards, and huge tracts of land are unpopulated or sparsely settled. So the forest areas are largely intact, and many of them are a treat to behold. Of course, there is a point of satiation, when you don't ever want to see a pine tree again. But let's not complain about that.

The myth, however, is probably more false than true. Canadians are no neater, no more considerate of their environment than any other rich North American citizenry. They can — and have — turned whole regions into eyesores through their industrial activities (witness almost any Northern Ontario mining town).

If it is true that the strengths or weaknesses of a country show up in the most basic, mundane actions of its citizens, then the place to look for the national attitude toward waste is in Joe Blow's wastebasket. This hypothesis I put to the test in an informal survey of my neighbors' wastebaskets at Laurentian University.

In the residence where I stayed, all the wastebaskets were put out Wednesday morning for collection. I noticed, at the start of the year, that my basket had one-half to one-third the trash of my neighbors'. I figured that it was due to the dearth of wild parties in my room. But the difference in volume maintained itself all year long, and when I moved out, accumulating the biggest junk pile of the year, I had only a bit more than a normal week's accumulation of my fellow residents.

Of course, maybe this can be explained by the fact that I am a New Englander, one of that strange breed that never, never throws anything away. But you don't have to hail from the Land of Yard Sales to recognize a wasteful culture when you see it; and if my neighbors at Sudbury are indicative of a national mentality, Canada won't be "clean and green" much longer.

MYTH #2: Canadian weather is abominably cold, with snow in August and other meteorological oddities. Canadians have a lot of fun with this myth. Everyone, it seems, has a story about some misinformed American tourist unloading his skis from the car in the middle of August, walking up to some local denizen, and asking where the slopes are.

In Northern Ontario, this scene would be ridiculous on two counts. First, snow in August just doesn't exist. Snow in October — maybe. I didn't see snow in Sudbury until mid-November.

But the other end of the season can be funny. In March, everything starts to melt, and Spring seems to be sneaking in. But Nature keeps one good last belt of snow in reserve, either for April or May. This year, it came in April, and it was five inches' worth.

Now let's go back to the second item in that little scene. Asking about ski slopes in most of Northern Ontario is like asking about good tuna fishing in Nebraska; you'll surely get laughed at. Despite some common notions about mining country, the rocky terrain of this region is just that — rocks, not slopes, not ravines, not breathtaking views. It's not exactly flat, but most of it would make Diamond Hill look like a Himalayan peak.



World's largest smokestack, Sudbury, Ont., most prominent feature.

MYTH #3: Canadians are fanatic hockey-lovers. A true myth, this time. You've got to see it to believe it, for Canadians and hockey are the two ingredients of the only national sporting passion I have ever seen.

It's been said that Americans are collectively crazy about baseball, or football, or golf. Not true at all. For every baseball fan, you can find two baseball haters (usually on the grounds of boredom); for every football spectator, you can find someone who detests the game (especially a "football widow"); and for each golf addict, there are myriads of people who assert (as I myself do) that golf is an inherently aberrant activity, defying all common notions of aesthetic and utilitarian endeavor. In short, some Americans are very enthusiastic about some sports, but there is no sport that Americans follow en masse.

Canada, on the other hand, has hockey, and it truly is their national passion. Children, barely out of the cradle, are indoctrinated to the use of skates, and males of the species are sent out onto the playing ice as soon as they can wield a hockey stick and skate the length of the rink with it.

Canada abounds in hockey teams at every level imaginable, and the game is played, watched, analyzed, and wagered upon with passion and fervor. Even the unfortunate who do not play

follow the long season from start to finish.

I must at this point confess that I am not a hockey fan, except of the most casual sort, and I made it a point to avoid televisions when some of the more blatant hockey spectacles (especially the Russia-Canada hockey series) were being broadcast.

The Russia-Canada series, by the way, is the closest association between truth and diplomacy that I have ever witnessed. Many players of Team Canada were, ostensibly, not Canadians at all; they wore the uniforms of American teams: the Boston Bruins, Philadelphia Flyers, or Chicago Blackhawks. Canada, you'll remember, has only three teams in the National Hockey League: the Toronto Maple Leafs, the all-conquering Montreal Canadiens, and the newly formed Vancouver Canucks.

But the open secret among hockey fans is that these players, almost to a man, are Canadian-born. When Phil Esposito came back from Russia as a conquering hero to Canadians, it mattered not a whit that he wore a Boston Bruins uniform. They were ready to dump Trudeau and name Espo the next Prime Minister.

Well, they weren't, really. But they knew that it was a team of Canadian players, not American uniforms, that had beaten the Russians. For once Canadians found themselves in the uncomfortable position of defending the honor of the Western Hemisphere against the Soviets.

And when they conquered, jubilation was rampant back home. Instead of watching the game on TV, I watched the Canadians watching the game. It was worth a hundred sociology theses, this manifestation of a truly rare phenomenon, the national passion.

MYTH #4: Canadian beer is stronger than American beer. Here, we are dealing with a grave matter indeed, a myth that goes to the very heart of international relations. You may not think that the quality of a nation's beer has much to do with its standing in the world, but, let me assure you, it is tremendously important. For, while professional diplomacy does its daily dirty work, there is another layer of diplomacy, informal but very persuasive, that goes on beneath our very noses.

It is the diplomacy of people-to-people, product-to-product contact, of buyers and sellers, consumers and suppliers. When you bought that Swiss watch, or that Japanese tape recorder, or smoked those French cigarettes (ugh), you were taking part in this round of diplomatic contacts that goes on incessantly, making and breaking national reputations faster than UN resolutions ever could.

If you doubt the ability of this diplomacy to work on nations, consider the singular history of the MADE IN JAPAN label.

You can remember the days when MADE IN JAPAN meant, that the product in question was of patently inferior quality. And this was to be expected, since Japan, only twenty-five years ago, was a crushed country.

But, little by little, products began to appear, bearing the MADE IN JAPAN label, that were not only good but easily superior to their Western counterparts. Cameras, I think, were the first products to make a dent in the MADE IN JAPAN image; the Nikon, made by Nippon Kogaku, became the Rolls Royce of photojournalism, and the subtle workings of commercial diplomacy were set in motion.

Official diplomacy has only recently recognized Japan as a huge trading threat to the West, but the unofficial diplomats, the buyers and sellers, knew this long ago. One good shipment of cameras was (or should have been) more convincing than a satchelful of euphemistic embassy dispatches.

Now, to get back to the matter at hand. This Canadian myth, which strikes at the base of confidence in the American brew, can be explained by the nature of the Canadian beer industry. It is one of the few Canadian industries that has survived the incursion of American enterprise, and the labels are all Canadian. Not once during my seven months at Sudbury did I glimpse a bottle of Schlitz, or Bud, or Michelob (I did see some Black Label, though). The brands bear names like Molson's Export, Calgary Ale, Oktoberfest, and the popular Labatts twins, 50 and Blue.

I don't begrudge Canadians their economic pride, but I was somewhat put off by the awesome status they attributed to their beer (to the obvious detriment of our own). Now pay attention, everyone: I have carefully, thoroughly, and frequently evaluated the brews of our Northern neighbors, and I find that there is, in the normal range of beers, no — got that? — no difference in the strength or quality of the national beverages. In this opinion I have the concurrence of Mr. Collette, Anchor editor and extensive traveler, whose knowledge in the matter is authoritative.

Canadians to whom I talked, however, refused to be convinced. One arrogant soul had the nerve to equate our beer to water. Another described a Canadian method for drinking American beer, a method that epitomizes their contemptuous attitude.

It goes like this: you take a 12 oz. can of any American beer and punch a hole in the bottom of it with your right thumb (not an easy thing to do, but learnable). Hold the can up, with the newly-punched hole right up against your mouth. Take your left hand and pull the ring tab on the top of the can. The beer will come crashing down into your throat: one shot, all-or-

(Cont. on Pg. 12)

Anchor Editors Leaving



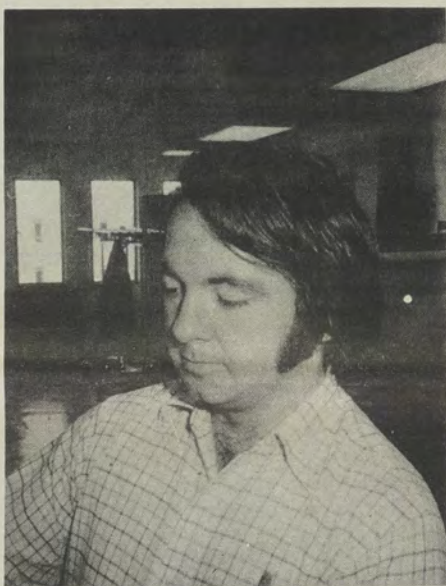
Janet Rothbart, our cultural editor and the driving force behind Magic Theatre, will be leaving for another school. She has her sights set on Ramapo or Columbia, though she might spend the year traveling with the theatre.

The leaving of these dedicated individuals creates a void that will be difficult to fill. Through their efforts, we feel the Anchor has had the best year in its history. We have added many entertainment and public service oriented features, plus, existing features have been greatly improved. We have developed a more efficient operation whose main result has been a better publication to serve the college community. Naturally, we hope that capable individuals will find their way up to our office on the third floor of the Student Union and fill the positions left open by these editors' departures. We hope they can fill their shoes.



Dennis Picard, our dedicated editor-in-chief, will spend next year student teaching. His efforts throughout the year have helped make the ANCHOR run more smoothly than we had a right to expect.

Jim Dawson, (not pictured) creator of Around the Town, On Campus, the Coffeehouse Circuit and other public service oriented features, besides being our copy editor, is a graduate student who is finally going to try to get a job as a teacher. His unemployment benefits have run out.



Ken Forestal, Jimmy Gallagher's successor in the Sport's Desk, is graduating. He plans on seeking meaningful employment (with his degree in education) working in a sporting goods store and hopes to write for the PAWTUCKET TIMES.

There was a strange unaccustomed silence in his room. She examined him with concern, tiptoeing nervously to his bedside. She was unsure as to whether he was awake, whether he could hear her or not. Again, she felt the urge to ask if he were still alive and again repressed it. He was still smiling, the smile trembling on his lips with an effort. He spoke, his voice a gravelly hoarse contrast to the velvet silence in the room. "I did it, Clara. I didn't think I would make it. I have outlived myself." He paused a moment. Clara shivered at the sound of his voice, at the apparition of his withered body. She almost couldn't stand to hear the unbearable triumph in his voice, and the obvious pitiable contrast with his wasted form, as though the two were somehow detached. The smile became broader grotesquely. He looked incredibly old in the moonlight, she thought. "What do you mean?" she whispered. She thought fleetingly of fever and the doctor, but decided instead to listen; it would be important. It was too late for anything else.

He laughed. It would have sounded delighted, except that

it cost such obvious effort. His body wracked with the sound.

"My body is dead, Clara," he said, loudly now, "It is burning with fever and will soon be consumed. The clock has stopped. Listen!" he rasped, "Listen! My room is silent! Do you know why? The clock has stopped. My body is dead. Only I live, now!" Again, the laughter. Clara hurried over to take his hand in her own. It felt like a burning claw, and she grasped it tightly as if to take on some of his pain somehow, to lend him her energy. Gently, she placed his other hand on his chest to feel the slow rhythm of his own heart. "You live," she said softly.

Harry smiled, now, gently, the effort gone. His breathing rasped, stertorous and shallow. The fire in his eyes sank back into the depths of the black hollows. Clara put her own hand on his chest to feel for the slow beating.

"You don't understand," he whispered, struggling between gasps, "The clock is silent." Clara took her hand away gently.

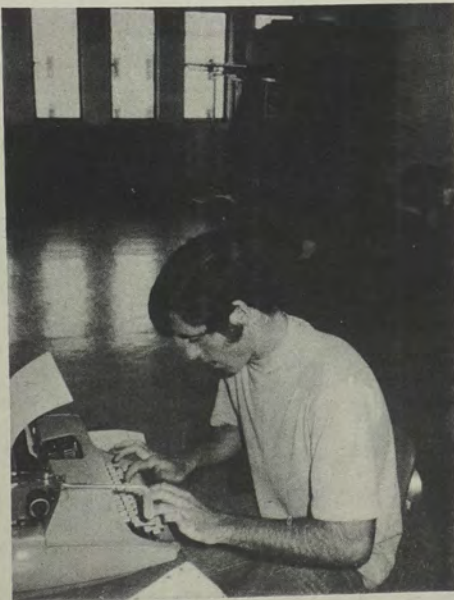
And indeed — now it was.

Timepiece

(Cont. from Pg. 11)

whole of that day. And the old man heard it, and a faint smile appeared on his lips, crinkling on his hollow cheeks as though the muscles were unaccustomed to such frivolous emotion for a long time.

His sister entered his room, softly, late in the night, as she did every night now, and was startled to see him lying there, his eyes fire-bright, gleaming fiercely out from under his half-shut lids, awake, electrically alive, almost motionless. She looked at his face, and in the shadows she suddenly realized that he was old — so very old that his age's excess had ravaged his skin, creasing it deeply, running off in little rivulets down his face and neck. The sheer oppressiveness of ninety-five years caused his hands to shudder, as if to attempt to shake off some of the weight of it.



Jimmy Gallagher, our sports editor throughout most of the year, will be concentrating on running and studying, not necessarily in that order.

The Anchor

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Dennis Picard, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; Will Collette, NEWS AND FEATURES; Janet Rothbart, CULTURE; Ken Michael Forestal, SPORTS; Jim Dawson, COPY; Chuck Winn, VETERANS' AFFAIRS; Paula Boffa, ADVERTISING; Dr. Robert Comery, ADVISOR.

Contributors: Bob Mayoh, Cindy Stergis, Tom Kenwood, Stephen Chianesi, Buddy Goodwin, Ron Stetson, Jeffrey Heiser, et al.

Sports & Recreation

Rock Concert Scheduled for Pocono Camel 500

FAIRFIELD, Conn., May 17, 1973 . . . Pocono International Speedway has announced a special discount ticket price for the IMSA Camel 500 and Goodrich Twin 100 races to be held June 9-10 on the new 2.8 mile road circuit. The special ticket includes the following:

- * Road Racing's finest, sanctioned by the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA)
- * Saturday, June 9 — two 100 mile heats of the Goodrich Radial Challenge — Baby Grand series for production sub-compact stock cars including BMW, Pinto, Gremlin, Vega, Toyota, Mazda, Opel, Datsun and Dodge Colt.
- * Saturday Night — Rock concert — 7:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Seatrain & Ralph — dancing till midnight
- * Sunday, June 10 — World's 1st National Championship Powerized Pogo Stick Race. 11:00 a.m. on the main straight. Entries received to date from Car & Driver; the Polish Racing Driver's Assn.; B.F. Goodrich; Bolus & Snopes; Camel Filter Cigarettes and Autoworld.
- * Sunday, June 10 — 500 Mile Camel GT Challenge for Grand Touring Cars, such as Alfa, Camaro, Corvette, Javelin, Mustang, Porsche, BMW
- * Special advance discount ticket offer is good through June 1 — includes all this for only \$10.00:

Two days general admission; Free parking; Free Camping; Free Paddock Pass; Free Music and dancing

For further advance ticket information, call toll free from inside PA (800) 532-8297; from MD., NY., NJ., CT (800) 233-8115.

Don't Miss It.

Cycle Race June 15 - 17

LOUDON, N.H. — Motorcyclists from all over the U.S. and Canada will invade this area for New England's biggest cycle event, the National Championship Motorcycle Road Race at Bryar Motorsport Race Track, Friday through Sunday, June 15-17.

Climax of the three days will be the big 75-Mile National Championship Road Race on Sunday afternoon. This big event will attract the top cyclists in the country who will battle for \$25,000 in prize money during the three days.

More than 200 cyclists will compete in four racing events during the weekend, which marks the 52nd anniversary of motorcycle races in the New England area.

Friday will be devoted to registration, inspection of motorcycles and equipment, and practice. After conducting qualifying heats on Saturday morning, a 50-Mile Novice Road Race and 50-Mile Expert-Junior Lightweight Road Race will be staged during the afternoon.

The Junior 50-Miler and Side Car Race will precede the big

75-Mile National Championship Road Race on Sunday afternoon. Most of the country's leading riders will race in this event.

Last year's winner of this New Hampshire event was Gary Fisher of Parkesburg, Pa., who set a new track record of 74.866 mph in capturing the race in 1 hour, 20 minutes, 47 seconds. He also won the 50-Mile Expert-Junior Lightweight race. Mark Brelsford, who previously set the record, finished 12 seconds behind for second place. Gene Romero of San Luis Obispo, Calif., was third.

These races, open to the general public, are sponsored by the New England Motorcycle Dealers Assn., and sanctioned by the American Motorcycle Assn. Admission is \$4 for Saturday's races, and \$5 for Sunday. Admission is free on Friday.

Officers of the organization include William Atwood, Reading, president and activities chairman, Nathan Sheldon, Worcester, vice president, Robert Frink, Leicester, secretary; and Mrs. Kay Moneghan, West Bridgewater, treasurer.

Annual Competition for Overseas Study Opens

The Institute of International Education announced today the official opening of the 1974-75 competition for grants for graduate study or research abroad and for professional training in the creative and performing arts. It is expected that approximately 550 awards to 46 countries will be available for 1974-75.

These grants, whose purpose is to increase mutual understanding between the people of the United States and other countries through the exchange of persons, knowledge and skills, are provided under the terms of the Mutual Educational and Cultural Exchange Acts of 1961

(Fulbright-Hays Act) and by foreign governments, universities and private donors.

Applicants must be U.S. citizens at the time of application, who will hold a bachelor's degree or its equivalent before the beginning date of the grant and, in most cases, be proficient in the language of the host country. Except for certain specific awards, candidates may not hold the Ph.D. at the time of application.

Creative and performing artists are not required to have a bachelor's degree, but they must have four years of professional study or equivalent experience. Social

Laurel Hill

On Sunday, May 27, Laurel Hill Social and Athletic Club defeated The Bag Boys from Buttonwoods Almecs by a score of 18-2. It was a complete rout as Buttonwoods' fielding went cold and committed ten errors in the fifth inning. Said Player-Coach Matt Ginolffi. "No matter how hard we would hit the ball or how soft we would hit it the Bag Boys always managed to muf up the play. Of course my men never have that problem in the field unless they drink too much or fall asleep between pitchers. Other than that I must say that we have a perfect defense. That goes for our offense too as everyone knows, we have everything. We are first in everything."

Pitcher Angelo Murphy only gave up one hit to Buttonwoods. After Ray O'Rourke walked, Burny McNamara lined a drive over the leftfield fence which cleared the Masters and Johnson advertisement sign and gave Buttonwoods Almecs their only two runs.

Laurel Hill scored their first five runs in the second inning. Player-Coach Matt Ginolffi reached first on a single up the middle. Jeff minor followed with a double which put men on second and third. Mario Pagano then lined a triple off the auxiliary score board in center to make the score 2-0. Kevin Hennessey then followed with a walk and then with Gents on first and third Danny Shea belted a smashing drive over the rightfield Trogan Safety sign for the next three RBIs and the conclusion of the second inning rally.

In the third inning Laurel Hill scored again with consecutive singles by Augie Capone, Kevin Hennessey, Mario Pagano, Al Capone, Bob Sled, and Jock Rash.

Then in the fifth inning the ten run explosion began. Mario

work applicants must have at least two years of professional experience after the Master of Social Work degree; candidates in medicine must have an M.D. at the time of application.

Selection is based on the academic and/or professional record of the applicant, the validity and feasibility of his proposed study plan, his language preparation and personal qualifications. Preference is given to candidates between 20 and 35 years of age who have not had prior opportunity for extended study or residence abroad.

Information and application forms may be obtained from Dr. Ridgeway Shinn, Fulbright Program Adviser at Rhode Island College. He is located in Gaige 104 E. The deadline date for receipt of applications in his office is October 1, 1973.

Program information can also be obtained from the following: Dr. Larry Lindquist, Gaige 204; Dr. Walter Crocker, HM 104; Miss Rita Couture, CL 158; Dr. John DeMelim, Art Center 201; Dr. Yutaka Kayama, HM 312; Dr. Carl Stenberg, CL 336; Mr. David Thomas, Gaige 312.

Decrease Seen for Wildlife Habitat

About 34 million acres of rural land, much of it wildlife habitat, will disappear by the year 2000 as cities continue to sprawl according to a study by the Economic Research Service published in the "Farm Index".

Rural land areas have been gobbled up at the rate of nearly 750,000 acres annually over the past decade by urban growth. Roads and airports have taken another 130,000 and reservoirs about 300,000 acres a year.

The crux of the study is seen in this statement: "Looking at the national picture permits one to gloss over some serious land use problems. Many people feel real concern about the loss of good cropland to cities or for roads. Strip mining lays waste to large areas. Drainage of wetland destroys wildlife habitat."

The loss of 34 million acres by the turn of the century is roughly equal to an area 500 miles long and 100 miles wide or larger than many of the smaller states.

An additional 300 million acres of non-farm land — mostly owned publicly — are used for livestock grazing. In all, about 57 percent of the nation's land is used for agricultural purposes. Another one-third of the land is forested; cities use nearly two percent; highways, railroads and airports account for one percent. Waste land and other miscellaneous uses make up the rest.

In projecting land use patterns for the year 2000, the ERS study assumed that the U.S. population by the year 2000 would be 307.8 million, or half again as large as in 1970.

The study breaks down the acreage loss into individual regions and the Northeast and Southeast portions of the U.S. predict to be the hardest hit. In the Northeast, forest and woodland area will decrease six million acres, and pasture and other open range land will be reduced by another six million. In the Southeast, forest and woodland acreage is projected to decrease by nearly nine million acres, and pasture and other range lands by nearly five million acres. At the same time, croplands, areas clearly not suitable for wildlife cover, are expected to increase in the Southeast by 4.5 million acres as the result of additional clearing of forest land and draining of wetlands.

Pagano popped up to the second baseman but he dropped it to put a man on first with no outs. Augie Capone then hit a grounder to the third baseman but he bobbled it and threw it over the third baseman's head to put men on second and third. Billy Degan (all 302 lbs. of him) belted a long drive which sent the centerfielder back to the 467 ft. sign the centerfielder lost it in the sun and the ball hit him in the face. The centerfielder was knocked unconscious and by the time the rightfielder got to the ball to throw it in, there was a cloud of dust and Degan heading for home. The catcher caught the throw to the plate but dropped it when Degan slid into him for the eleventh

run. Jeff Minor then reached first when the short-stop bobbled an easy grounder to put a man on first again. Player-Coach Matt Ginolffi then lined a clean basehit to right. Augie Capone followed with a grounder off the third baseman's groin to load the bases. Danny Shea hit a blooper off the right field foul pole for a grand slam homerun. Later that inning with men on first and third with two outs the leftfielder committed a three base error by letting a routine base hit go by him to give Angelo Murphy an inside the park homerun.

Next week Laurel Hill plays Pitt's Bat Patriots at the Pilgrim High School baseball field.



Caution: Smoking may be hazardous to your health...